The Nation.

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The Week.

PRESIDENT HARRISON informs Congress that Germany has opened her ports to inspected American pork products. He adds: "The removal of these restrictions in every instance was asked for and given *solely* upon the ground that we had now provided a meat inspection that should be accepted as adequate." This will be a great piece of news to the editor of the Bucyrus, O., *Journal*. That gentleman was the recipient of a letter mailed to him on October 14, 1891, by the Hon. James G. Blaine, in which that distinguished statesman assured him that Germany had "removed the prohibition on pork" as an equivalent for our leaving "her sugar on the free list." Thus is the mystery of reciprocity deepened, and thus, too, is the "perfect good understanding" which exists between President Harrison and his Secretary of State put beyond all dispute.

The indignation in Chili over President Harrison's Message is not hard to account for. The President has done, substantially, just what he protested against the Italian Government's doing in the New Orleans case—that is, he has accepted *ex parte* testimony as conclusive, in advance of the decision of the court having sole jurisdiction over the case. When Rudini was thundering away at Mr. Blaine last spring, the reply was made to him that the affair was undergoing judicial investigation, and that, meanwhile, the American Government could not accept the version of Consul Corti and Baron Fava. "The President is unable to see," wrote Secretary Blaine to the Marquis Imperiali, "how any Government could justly give an assurance of this character [that 'the guilty parties should be brought to justice'] *in advance of a trial* and a verdict of 'guilty.'" But in the case of the Valparaiso riot, the President is fully able to see how he can declare Chilians, and even Chilian officers, guilty in advance of a trial. The point is, that he has found his verdict in advance of that arrived at by the Judge in Valparaiso, and has practically served notice that he will disregard the decision of the latter in case it differs from his own. All this is well brought out in the circular letter of the Chilian Government addressed to all Chilian Legations. The same document also alludes to various letters of Egan's, of which the contents are said to be unknown in Washington. We greatly hope that a full collection of his letters and despatches will be included in that correspondence which President Harrison promises to lay before Congress.

It was worthy of note, and has an important bearing on our dispute with Chili about the *Baltimore* incident, and on any other dispute into which we may get over sailors' rows in foreign ports, that of 7,516 enlisted men belonging to the American Navy 3,997 are foreign born, only 3,519 native American. Of this total, only 4,310 are citizens of the United States. Of the remainder, 2,756 have made no declaration of intention, and 1,282 have never even resided in the United States. Of the crew of the *Baltimore*, only 148 are Americans; 187 are foreigners, picked up here, there, and everywhere. We have no doubt these latter will fight well when the occasion comes, and are well commanded and well disciplined; but it would be absurd for us to assume, in disputes with foreign Powers over these collisions with foreign police when ashore as "liberty men," that they are God-fearing Yankees, whose word about their own behavior it is safe to take against that of foreign Ministers, judges, and policemen, even to the point of war.

Referring in his Message to the legislative gerrymanders which "buttress" gerrymanders of Congressional districts, President Harrison cites a county in a certain State where "three districts for the election of members of the Legislature are constituted as follows: One has 65,000 population, one 15,000, and one 10,000." He could have instanced a far worse case than this in Connecticut, where the Republicans are in both legislative houses the beneficiaries of a "gerrymander" which is "buttressed" not behind a statute, but behind the more solid and enduring ramparts of a State constitution. As to the lower house of Connecticut, the President would have found one town with a population of 86,045 equalized with another town having a population of but 431; and as to the State Senate, a district which at the Presidential election of 1888 cast 17,649 votes, equalized with another district casting but 2,585 votes. How the system works in the upper house of Congress may be shown by the case of United States Senator O. H. Platt, who was reëlected last January by 141 Republican members of the Connecticut Legislature, representing towns and districts casting only 73,144 votes, while there were opposed to him 134 members representing 195,840 votes. If Senator Platt and his colleague, Senator Hawley, have occasion during this session to refer to the President's views in his Message on either "gerrymanders" or the suppression of the suffrage at the South, they will, of course, tell us all about this peculiar Connecticut "system," but for which their own seats would now be filled by two Democrats.

Much as there is to commend in the report of the Secretary of the Navy, there is one recommendation contained in it the wisdom of which is open to grave doubts: it is the recommendation to consolidate the revenue marine with the navy. This proposition, originating with Senator William E. Chandler when Secretary of the Navy, was wisely ignored by his successor in office, Mr. Whitney, but is now revived by Mr. Tracy. The consolidation, should it ever take place, means that the navy, thereafter, shall perform the duties now performed by the revenue marine. The practice of employing the strong arm of the Government to enforce the laws in times of perfect tranquillity is a dangerous one. The civil and the military services should be kept separate and distinct, and each should be confined to its own sphere of duties. Such has been our policy from the beginning. It is a safe policy, and one of the distinctions of Anglo-Saxon government.

It seems that a committee composed of the most prominent French artists has decided to organize at Paris, in the spring of 1892, an exhibition of the works of Meissonier, and that American owners of pictures by that painter are to be approached for the purpose of requesting loans to the exhibition. Meanwhile the French Minister at Washington has been instructed to recommend this request warmly to our Government, and to apply to the Treasury Department to ascertain whether pictures sent to Paris for the purpose of exhibition can be returned to their owners without the imposition of a second duty. Mr. O. L. Spaulding, Acting Secretary, responded, under date of September 10, to the effect that he has, "unfortunately, failed to find in the law any authority for the remission of duties accruing upon importations of foreign productions, even when they have been previously imported upon payment of duty," and he suggests an application to Congress to have a special law passed permitting the reimportation without duty of pictures loaned to the proposed exhibition. He writes, however, that any Meissonier paintings owned by institutions established for the promotion and encouragement of art in this country can be reimported free of duty under the same paragraph of the McKinley Act (section 759) that now permits them to come into this country without payment of duty as the permanent property of such institutions

We much fear that the French Minister will not set great store by Mr. Spaulding's polite assurance of the warm interest he feels in the proposed exhibition, and of his readiness to promote its success "in any practicable way." It must be simply impossible for an official of the Government of France to understand the position assumed by the United States towards foreign art, and we suspect that the Acting Secretary's somewhat effusive politeness was partly due to his feeling that the reply he was obliged to make to so reasonable a request would be pretty sure to be read with

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contemptuous impatience. No foreigner can understand our tax upon foreign art as a "protective" tariff, and, viewed as a revenue tax, it must seem a niggardly method for a great and wealthy nation to take in order to refill its Treasury, in face of the fact that no European government is willing to admit itself so poverty-stricken as to be obliged to tax art; while the proposition to *retax* an American citizen's painting, when he has contributed to a loan exhibition, and thus helped to forward one of the most hopeful and helpful art movements of the present time, must seem to the art-loving Frenchman an exhibition of Western want of civilization. It is to be hoped that the interest which may be aroused in the proposed exhibition will lead, not to the mere enactment of a special law permitting Americans to reimport without payment of duties such pictures as they may loan to its promoters, but at least to a general law exempting from any subsequent payment of duty any work of art upon which there has once been paid duty upon its importation into the United States.

A fine example of the degrading effect of our pernicious tariff law is afforded by recent correspondence between Mr. James W. Queen, an instrument-maker in Philadelphia, and the Treasury Department. Mr. Queen alleges that it is the custom throughout the United States for professors in colleges to order microscopes from foreign makers for use in their laboratories, and at the close of the term to dispose of them to the students at a reduced price. For the "protection of home manufacturers," he thinks that no institution should be allowed to import such instruments to be so disposed of, and suggests that "periodical inspections" should be ordered by the Treasury Department so as to ascertain whether or not instruments imported are actually in use. The impudence of this suggestion is understood when it is realized that college professors, when importing such instruments, are required to file an oath that they "have been imported by the order and for the sole use of said college as its permanent property, and not for sale or distribution." Fancy a college president being obliged to take such an oath, and then to have periodically to submit to the indignity of a catechising as to how binding he may have considered it—all this that he may be persecuted into foregoing the very natural desire to have for use in his laboratory the very best instrument made, and be constrained to put up with those of an inferior quality manufactured in Philadelphia. We are glad to note that the Treasury Department exhibited no inclination to accept Mr. Queen's suggestion, but regret that he was encouraged to do some spying on his own account by the statement that, in the event of instances of positive violation of the law coming to the attention of the Department "through information *furnished by your firm* or otherwise," proper steps would be taken for the enforcement of the penalties provided by statute.

An example of the gross injustice of this law for the protection of second-grade instrument-makers was recently offered at the Boston Custom-house. A professor in one of the academies near Boston, returning from Europe, brought with him a microscope for his own use in the biological department. Under section 686 of the tariff law, which includes in the free list "professional books, implements, instruments, and tools of trade, occupation, or employment, in the actual possession at the time of persons arriving in the United States," he might very reasonably have expected to import this without duty, but on reaching the steamship dock in Boston a heavy duty was demanded. Appealing to the Collector, he found so firm a determination to force him to pay duty that he finally accepted a compromise whereby the offending instrument was permitted to be carried away without the extortion of a tax, upon his making a gift of it to the institution with which he was connected; but the Principal of the Academy was first required to take an oath that he accepted the instrument as a free gift to the school, for its sole use, and not to be sold or given away! It occurs to one to ask, in connection with the above occurrence, why the teacher should be thus taxed for the benefit of the instrument-maker. Is it of less importance for the well-being of the country that a college professor should be encouraged to equip himself in the very best way possible for teaching his boys, than that some one in Philadelphia should be enabled to make microscopes and sell them at a higher price than they can be bought for abroad?

The negroes of Washington consider that their grievances are so serious that they are holding mass-meetings, hoping to devise some means of removing the discriminations made against them, if not of abolishing race prejudice altogether. The revelations made at these meetings must be a rude shock to those who place their trust in legislation for the accomplishment of these ends. These negroes have been living in a city over which the President and Congress preside as a mayor and common council, and where the Federal laws touching civil rights have free course. Since the war the government of the city has been almost exclusively in the hands of those who enacted these laws against discrimination, and yet in Washington to-day, according to the undisputed evidence of those who spoke at those mass-meetings, there are separate free schools for the blacks, separate eating-houses, and it might have been added separate bathing facilities at the public beach, practical exclusion of negroes from restaurants and barber-shops, and their colonization in alleys and obscure streets.

These Washington negroes, too, it must be remembered, are the most deserving of their race. Many of them are members of the learned professions; more of them are Government employees. They make up one-third of the city's population, and though they have among their number a much larger portion of the vicious and lazy than have the whites, yet their average both for morality and for intelligence is high. Nevertheless they find it necessary to call mass-meetings to implore the well-to-do of their own race "to go out in the eastern part of the city and build up a square where colored people may secure homes, instead of having to go into the alleys," seeing that the real-estate men of the city, who are white, will have no dealing with them. But will the negroes who have money build houses in Washington for the people of their own race? One of the speakers, the Rev. Mr. Gray, declared that they would not. Another speaker, Mr. Pollard, said: "Visit one of the barber-shops conducted by a colored man and see how quick he will shave you." A third, who has an eating-house, frankly confessed that he had to keep two dining-rooms, one for the whites, the other for the blacks; that otherwise he could not earn a living.

The blockade of east bound grain along the Western railroads has in the past week grown to proportions which may fairly be called sensational. All reports during the last fortnight have agreed in describing an enormous increase in the grain offered to carriers from the farms. In the country elevators of Minnesota and Dakota alone the supply was swelled last week by half a million bushels, yet in the same time the stock in New York city fell off nearly half a million, and the grain afloat for Europe decreased by three and a half millions. That this grain was not held back at the farms was shown by the number of grain cars brought from the harvest-country into Chicago; a number which rose during the last two weeks from 6,453 in 1890 to 14,469 in 1891. It is naturally at this great centre of interior distribution that the transportation system has broken down most completely. Until a few days ago, the vessels on the great lakes have transported, by way of Buffalo, the bulk of the east-bound grain. But the setting in of winter, and the consequent close of lake navigation, suddenly threw the whole burden upon the Chicago and New York trunk lines. It was at once discovered that they had not cars enough, locomotives enough, or even switching facilities enough, to carry out their grain orders. High premiums over ordinary rentals were offered to get the use of cars owned by connecting lines; finally a familiar bit of railroad sharp practice was resorted to, and the Eastern companies which accepted through freight-cars for New York from the lines west of Chicago purposely neglected to return them, hoping to keep the cars, despite rentals and penalties, for their own necessary uses. One trunk line alone is said to have appropriated 3,000 cars by this method.

As a natural consequence, the Granger roads refused to let their own cars pass at all into the hands of Eastern lines, until

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the heaping up of grain in Chicago had actually outrun the city's storage capacity, since which time the Western companies have been compelled by sheer necessity to hand over their grain cars to the trunk lines, because there was no elevator-room left in which to unload their freight. Meantime the merchants and middlemen who bought Chicago wheat a fortnight ago for delivery or export at New York, have been finding themselves saddled with an unpleasant contract. Ships for Europe have been waiting for days in the harbor, unable to get their contracted wheat; in some cases shippers have been loading them up with buckwheat, barley, and flaxseed, the only grain to be had. The whole situation seems to have been practically inevitable. When our recent wheat crops have averaged less than 450,000,000 bushels, with a relatively light demand at the seaboard, it can scarcely be expected that railways will keep on hand a supply of cars equal to transporting promptly a crop of nearly 600,000,000 bushels, with a heavy export demand. The number of orders recently placed at the shops for new cars is something enormous—20,000 are said to have been ordered in the last two weeks—and there may be good reason for accusing the railroad companies of dilatoriness. But the suddenness of the heavy grain movement has surprised everybody, and there is a considerable difference between buying equipment which will begin at once to pay for itself, and ordering, after a long season of enforced economy, cars which must be left idle in the yards, as the companies would have had to leave these a month ago.

The decision lately rendered by the Massachusetts Supreme Court regarding what is known as the Weavers' Fine Bill, is of much more than State interest. It was alleged that, in some mills, operatives were cheated out of a part of their wages by the imposition of unjust fines, which were levied on the false ground that their work was imperfect; and "organized labor" demanded of the Legislature the passage of a bill which should forbid the laying of any fine. The language of the act was thus explicit: "No employer shall impose a fine upon or withhold the wages, or any part of the wages, of an employee engaged at weaving for imperfections that may arise during the process of weaving." The manufacturers determined to fight the issue out in the courts, and the highest judicial tribunal in the State has now decided, with but one dissenting judge, that the act is unconstitutional. The opinion of the Court quotes from the Constitution of the United States the clause prohibiting any State legislation impairing the obligation of contracts, and from the Massachusetts Bill of Rights the clause which declares the right of acquiring, possessing, and protecting property to be natural and inalienable, and applies these principles to the case in hand. The Court holds that the right to acquire, possess, and protect property includes the right to make reasonable contracts, and that it is a reasonable contract to agree to pay full wages for weaving cloth with proper skill and care, and to withhold a part of such wages if the work is imperfect. It follows that a law which forbids the making of such contracts "is an interference with the right to make reasonable and proper contracts in conducting a legitimate business, which the Constitution guarantees to every one."

What is of some particular interest to us in the family quarrel now going on between Newfoundland and Canada is the fact that the ill-feeling was originated and brought to its climax by the recent discrimination of Newfoundland's people as a whole in favor of our nation. Despite the apparent failure of the late reciprocity negotiations between Newfoundland, Canada, and the United States, the people of the island have granted our fishermen practically all the privileges of free bait asked for by us in that conference, and this without any concession whatever on our part. It would not be easy to say whether the islanders were at the time more pleased at granting a favor to the United States or at outwitting Sir Charles Tupper, whose interference as Canadian delegate with the Washington negotiations they bitterly resented. The friction between Newfoundland and Canada has rapidly increased since that episode. Vexatious obstacles were deliberately placed by the Newfoundlanders in the way of bait purchases along the coast by Canadian fishing vessels. When recently the Canadian authorities, after vainly endeavoring to put an end to these annoyances, retaliated by placing a duty on all imports of fish from Newfoundland, the Newfoundland Ministry promptly retorted by putting in effect a discretionary piece of legislation, originally enacted merely for bluff, and decreeing that imports of food products from Canada to Newfoundland should pay twice as much duty as the same imports from the United States. The quarrel is silly in many ways, as are all "tariff wars," but it is an interesting bit of current North American history. Annexation to the Dominion, which a few years ago used frequently to be referred to as a possible plank in the platforms of Newfoundland's petty politics, is now so universally unpopular an idea that a particularly cautious and politic Cabinet, once, indeed, accused of leanings towards Imperial Federation, has thought it a judicious stroke to fling open defiance at Canada. All this may be of little present consequence in a colony with a total population of scarcely 200,000, but it may at some future time be a source of annoying perplexity to British ministers, whose habit in the past, as the Newfoundland people fully appreciate, has been to play off concessions of French claims in Newfoundland against French concessions of English claims in Africa.

Monday's despatches from Brazil report the annulling of another of the decrees issued by Fonseca in those happy weeks when his hands were not tied by Congress—the one leasing the Central Railway. This is the most extensive railroad system in the country, was built by State funds, and was substantially under State control. Its management has not failed to exhibit the disadvantages of State ownership. In addition to lax and expensive administration, and the filling of positions of authority by Government favorites, instead of experienced railroad men, the interference of this line with privately owned and competing systems has been very harmful. The smaller lines have been compelled to subordinate their interests to the need of getting as large a revenue as possible for the Treasury out of the great road. In the current budget the gross receipts from this source were estimated at $9,000,000. The Government has more than once refused to grant permission to build other lines which might in part compete with its own system, and has even prevented lines that do reach parts of the same territory from reducing rates on freight, out of regard to its own railroad profits. There has thus been reason for dissatisfaction with Government control of the road, and the proposition to lease it has been more than once advanced. In fact, Fonseca's Minister of Finance made such a proposition to Congress before its dissolution, though it did not find favor. But as soon as the Dictator had got rid of the troublesome representatives, he offered the lease, though on rather onerous conditions: one-half the rent for the whole period chosen—and the lease might be taken for a maximum of thirty-three years—was to be paid in advance. The present Government may have annulled the decree because the lease in itself was improper, or because the sentiment of the country is against leasing the road at all.

Among the many odd things of the day is the determination of the Sultan to send Mohammedan missionaries to China. Two Chinese Mohammedans have arrived at Constantinople, and have made a report to the Sultan on the condition of their fellows in China, and he has determined to establish regular relations with them by means of mission stations established in various parts of the Empire. It is announced, however, that these missions will be in no sense proselytizing agencies. Their object will be simply to comfort, help, and deliver the existing members of the Mussulman faith in the Central Flowery Land. Apropos of this, a writer in one of the English December monthlies, in an account of a visit to the French and English settlements on the west coast of Africa, testifies once more to the great work of civilization and social elevation which the Mussulman missionaries are doing among the negroes in that region, corroborating fully what is said about their success among the natives of India. The chief cause of this success is undoubtedly the absolute equality with his auditors in which the Mussulman preacher puts himself. For him no pony phaeton, or library, or drawing-room, or dining-room, or man servant, or maid servant. He is simply a half-clothed tramp, living on peasants' food and sleeping on the peasants' floor, but charged with a message which consumes him with its perennial fire.

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THE CHILIAN COMPLICATION.

THE tone of the President's message on the subject of Chili, and more particularly on the mobbing of our sailors in Valparaiso, is taken to imply that he will recommend a declaration of war against that country in case satisfaction is not accorded to us for that lamentable affair. Of course, very much remains to be learned regarding the affair, and it is still to be determined what we should accept as satisfaction for the outrage—whether apology, or indemnity, or punishment of the offenders. Some embarrassment grows out of the fact that the murder of the Italians in New Orleans a few months earlier remains an unsettled question, and that the Government of Italy still declines to send a Minister to this country. It is necessary to square our negotiations with Chili more or less by our relations with Italy. A distinction is sought to be drawn by the President between the two cases, founded upon the fact that the sailors who were assaulted in Valparaiso were in the service of the Government and wearing its uniform, and that they were assaulted for that reason. It is not the killing that affects us so much as the insult. If it were the killing only, we should be compelled to take the same kind of medicine that we administer to Italy.

Of course, there must be a reason why our sailors are more exposed to mobbing in the streets of Valparaiso than the sailors of Germany or of England—some reason why they are more exposed in Valparaiso than the same sailors would be in Buenos Ayres or Callao. The hostile feeling that leads to mob violence does not spring out of the ground. It does not exist without a cause. Before we decide to go to war, we must see whether we had given any occasion for ill feeling on the part of Chili—not that ill feeling justifies mob violence and homicide, but because it has to be taken into account in any estimate of the causes which justify war.

The President's own statement of the *Itata* affair supplies a cause of irritation which cannot be overlooked. The pursuit and recapture of that ship after she had left our waters, on the assumption that she had violated our neutrality laws, was itself an unfriendly act. It has been pronounced illegal by the only court before which the case has yet been brought. Mr. Harrison says that the then insurgent authorities, who are now the Government of Chili, acknowledged the justice of our claim for the delivery of the *Itata*, and offered to give her up, with her arms and munitions, as soon as she should arrive in their waters. But this proves merely that the insurgents were at that time *in extremis*, and could not afford to have the United States Government for an enemy. Of course they would say anything or do anything, in such a pinch, to avoid trouble with foreign governments. Equally irrelevant is President Harrison's assertion that the policy which we pursued in the *Itata* affair was the same that we insisted upon, when our civil war was in progress, on the part of European nations. At that time we claimed whatever it was for our interest to claim, and we took what we could get. We protested against blockade-runners that carried arms and ammunition to our enemies. Foreign governments said: "International law does not forbid the selling or carrying of arms to belligerents. It does not forbid blockade-running; catch the blockade-runners if you can." We caught many of them, but many of them escaped. Neither for those that were caught nor for those that escaped did we ever make any claim on foreign Governments after the war. The building of Confederate war vessels in foreign ports was another matter altogether, having no similitude to the *Itata* case.

President Harrison, we repeat, has supplied a cause of irritation on the part of Chili—not a good cause for the assault upon our sailors, but still an explainable reason. That there may have been other reasons is highly probable. Sailors on shore, after long confinement on shipboard, are sometimes in an uproarious mood. Capt. John Codman, who has had large experience with them, wrote as follows to the Salt Lake *Herald*, under date of November 4:

> "We have Capt. Schley's statement that he allowed 150 sailors, who had been a long time pent up in their narrow quarters, to go ashore on liberty, and that they all behaved themselves in a most exemplary manner. As my old friend here, Major Jim, is wont to remark, 'Mebbe so, mebbe.' I have had thirty-three years' experience on the ocean, and have seen a great many sailors ashore on liberty, but have seldom seen a dozen of them together who would not get into a row, and who, for the most part, did not come off or were not brought off on board the worse for liquor. It would be a great mistake to suppose that all those sailors, firemen, and coal-heavers, of which the detachment was made up, were Americans. Taking the average of the crews in the naval and merchant marine, not one out of seven is American born, and not one out of four is even naturalized. Subject to good discipline as the *Baltimore's* crew undoubtedly were on shipboard, it seems highly probable that those Englishmen, Irishmen, Scotchmen, Danes, Swedes, Germans, and Italians threw off a great deal of restraint when they got on shore. We will assume, however, that if the attack was first commenced by the Chilians, it was cowardly on their part, inasmuch as they were armed while the crew of the *Baltimore* was defenceless. That is the worst feature in the case, and it leaves the blame to be about equally divided between Capt. Schley and the Valparaiso police."

We do not apprehend a war with Chili, but we cannot conceal from ourselves the thought that if Chili was something nearer our own size, the danger would be serious, and would be much augmented by the nearness of the Presidential election. The smallness of our antagonist is a restraint for us and a protection to herself. No possible ending of such a war could bring any glory to us.

SECRETARY FOSTER'S REPORT.

THE part of Secretary Foster's annual report which will be read with most interest is that relating to Treasury receipts and expenditures for the past fiscal year, and estimates of revenue and outgo for the year to come. We are immediately struck by his departure from the form of statement adopted by his predecessor. In Mr. Windom's account of the expenditures of the Government considerably more detail was observed; he grouped his totals under eleven heads, whereas Mr. Foster gives but seven, lumping together in one item of $110,048,167 expenses which the former had explained in their particulars. This makes it difficult, if not impossible, to compare the moneys paid out from the Treasury for particular objects with the sums voted by Congress for those objects, in separate bills. We do not say that such a result was designed by this change of form, but it certainly has come about. Furthermore, Mr. Windom took pains to point out that "the revenues and expenditures of the postal service form no part of the fiscal operations controlled by the Treasury Department," and though required by law to include them in his tables, he immediately deducted them so as to get at the real "ordinary revenues of the Government." But Secretary Foster leaves his "total receipts" at $458,544,233, with no intimation that the $65,931,785 credited to the postal service should be deducted therefrom.

This at once vitiates the comparison which he institutes between the receipts of 1890 and those of 1891. According to him, "the receipts for 1891, as compared with the fiscal year 1890, have fallen off $5,418,847." But the proper comparison is that of his grand total of $458,544,233, less the $65,931,785 credited to the postal service—that is, $392,612,448—with Secretary Windom's $403,080,982. This shows the real falling off in receipts to be $10,468 534 Of the surplus revenue which he arrives at, it is to be said that it is the smallest the Treasury has had since 1879. For the past eleven years the surplus revenue has averaged $103,000,000. Beside this, Mr. Foster's $37,000,000 looks small. It looks smaller yet, and, in fact, entirely disappears, when the total outlay, on the basis of which it is computed, is brought face to face with the sums actually voted by Congress for expenditure in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1891.

On March 3, 1891, Senator Allison asked leave to print in the *Record*, after he had taken time to prepare it, a table showing the appropriations for the years 1890–'91 and 1891–'92. Some surprise was expressed that the table was not then ready, as it had been in former years, but the desired leave was given, and Senator Allison's carefully prepared tables were printed. As he prepared them within less than four months of the close of the fiscal year 1890–'91, it is to be supposed that he knew what he was doing when he wrote down $463,398,510 as the "grand total, regular and permanent annual appropriations" which were "law" for 1890-'91. In fact, he gave all the separate bills with their amounts, so that there can be no doubt whatever of the amount that Congress voted to spend. But, as a matter of fact, Secretary Foster did not spend within $42,000,000 of that amount. If he had paid out all that the appropriations called for, instead of an apparent surplus of $37,000,000 he would have had a deficit of $5,000 000.

But where the Secretary gets bodily into fairy-land is in his estimates of the revenue and expenses for the fiscal year 1891–'92. He puts the revenue for that year at $433,000,000, and the outlay at $409,000,-

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000. If this estimate of income had been made when the effect of the McKinley tariff on customs revenue could only be guessed at, there would have been more excuse for it. For example, Mr. Windom estimated the revenue for 1890-'91 $14,000,000 too high, but he had not had a year's operation of the McKinley Bill to go upon as Mr. Foster has. According to the figures for the five months of the fiscal year already passed, which must have been before him, his estimate is at least $11,000,000 too great. But that is not of so much importance as his estimate of expenditures. We must refer again to Senator Allison's table. That was not only carefully prepared, but it was prepared in view of the current charges of extravagance, and was intended to put as good a face upon the matter as possible. Now, it was his deliberate statement that enacted laws called for the outlay of no less than $525,011,618 in the year 1891–'92. Yet here comes Secretary Foster coolly estimating that the expenditures will be no more than $409 000,000! In other words, in addition to the $42,000,000 which he held up of the appropriations for 1890-'91, he proposes to hold up $116,000,000 in the current year. If he succeeds in doing that, we think that many more cases of Government rent unpaid will be heard of, and that there will be still greater numbers of enraged Congressmen wanting to know when the money will be forthcoming which was voted by Congress for public buildings and river and harbor improvements in their districts.

We must also call attention to the disposition which Mr. Foster has made of the funds deposited in the Treasury for the redemption of national-bank notes. By the Act of July 14, 1890, he was directed to treat those funds, then amounting to $54,000,000, as an available Treasury asset. He did so, and treated in the same way the $9,363,715 deposited by banks in the course of the year. Then he expended the entire fund, together with enough other cash taken from the Treasury to make up $134,947,635, in various payments of the public debt. In such payments $23,553,298 is mentioned to the account of redeeming national-bank notes. It is clear, therefore, that he has saddled the Treasury with a liability of $40,000,000 on the national-bank note redemption account. Of course, there is no likelihood that the banks will be surrendering their circulation to anything like that amount; but the fact remains that $40,000,000 which they have deposited for the purpose of redeeming their notes, and which has hitherto been regarded as a fund by itself, has been spent by Mr. Foster for other purposes. He will have to raise the money somehow and some time, just as he will have to pay the deferred appropriations sooner or later. It is all a part of the "after-us-the deluge" policy which characterizes the present administration of the Treasury.

THE SPEAKER'S RIGHTS.

An interview with Mr. Reed, the late Speaker, evidently carefully revised, appeared in the *World* last week, in which he again justified his own course in the last Congress, and fortified himself with an article by Mr. Stanton in the last *North American Review*. "Mr. Stanton proves," said he, "that my views [on the Speaker's right to count a quorum] are held by every parliamentarian in Europe." Turning to Mr. Stanton's article, we find that he cites M. Henri Brisson, who was President of the Chamber of Deputies for four years, M. Jules Grévy, the late President of the Republic, M. Buffet, who was at one time President of the National Assembly, as well as other high French authorities, to show that in France a quorum is made up of members physically present, whether they vote or not; but the fact of their presence is ascertained not by the President alone, *but by the Bureau*, which has to be unanimous in its decision. In Switzerland the presence of a quorum is ascertained by calling the roll. If a quorum answer, a quorum is held to be present at the vote. In Belgium the presence of a quorum is ascertained by a signed list, but if it does not show a quorum, the absentees are put to shame by the publication of their names, and if a member present refuses to vote, all the President can do is to "invite" him to give his reasons for abstaining. In Denmark a member who announces, on the call of the roll, that he does not mean to vote cannot be counted to make up a quorum. In Holland a voting majority is necessary to transact business: physical presence does not count. In Portugal no member is considered present who refuses to vote. In Norway absence from the Chamber is punishable by a fine, but the fact of absence has, of course, to be proved in the ordinary way. In Sweden no quorum is necessary for the transaction of business. In the German Reichstag the presence of a member is ascertained by calling the roll, and if 199 do not answer, no business may be transacted. In Italy there is no rule about "presence."

It will thus be seen that Mr. Reed is mistaken in supposing that his views about the Speaker's power in counting a quorum are "shared by every parliamentarian in Europe." Not one parliamentarian quoted by Mr. Stanton gives any countenance to them. For what did Mr. Reed claim? He claimed the right to *see himself with his own eyes* what members were present, without other evidence, and to count such members for the purpose of forming a quorum. No presiding officer in Europe has or claims any such power. In France, where the closest approach to Mr. Reed's practice is made, says M. Méline,

> "If, when a ballot is to be taken, a Deputy states that half of the members are not on the floor, the *President is obliged to consult the Bureau; and, if the Bureau is unanimous in declaring that a quorum is present*, then the ballot is valid; *but if the Bureau is divided on the question*, a roll-call is ordered for the purpose of finding out how many Deputies are really on the floor."

When we come to compare the other powers claimed and exercised for himself as Speaker by Mr. Reed with those claimed and exercised by presiding officers in Europe, European precedents become still more useless to him. The position of the Speaker of the House, as described by Mr. Reed, is that of a Prime Minister in England and other parliamentary countries—that is, he sits as the leader of his own party, and decides, in conjunction with the Committee on Rules, appointed by himself, of which he is chairman, what business the House shall do. He said:

> "The duty of the Speaker, as I interpret it, is to see to it, as the servant of the House, that the House has the nation's business in hand and does a good session's work. The Speaker and the Committee know what is to be done and about how much can be done, and they map out a programme. . . .
>
> "The duty of the Committee on Rules is not only to present good bills, but to avoid presenting bills at a time when they risk being beaten. They may do useful work for the country by holding off presentation of a good bill which risks defeat until the proper time of presenting it shall have arrived."

The European Speaker has nothing to do with "the nation's business." It is none of *his* business to see that "the House does a good session's work," or to "present good bills." He is a judicial officer, charged simply with the duty of interpreting and enforcing the rules of procedure in the transaction of business, and preserving order in the House. The work Mr. Reed undertook in the last Congress is done in all European countries by the head of the Ministry, who therefore occupies towards the Chair the position of a litigant in a court of justice. The idea of putting the leader of the party in power in the chair, to carry through legislation of a partisan character, like the Force Bill and the McKinley Bill, has never been broached in any parliamentary country.

The bearing of all this on the Speaker's power to count a quorum, and to "see" who is present, for the purpose of making a quorum, is obvious. The "seeing" of a partisan, charged with the carriage of party measures, is obviously inadmissible as evidence under any view of justice hitherto taken in the conduct of either judicial or parliamentary proceedings. Parliamentary institutions would not in any country long survive the adoption of the Reed view of a Speaker's duties. The presence of the leader of the victorious party in the chair, his pockets stuffed full of bills which he was determined to put through, with or without debate, under rules drawn by himself and supported by his followers, would speedily convert parliamentary legislation either into a farce or into an odious tyranny to which no minority would permanently submit.

THE NEW "MINISTRY TO THE POOR."

Considerable attention has been drawn to the decision arrived at two or three weeks ago by a church on Madison Avenue, in this city, to do everything possible to become a "people's church." The members and the pastor were dissatisfied with the meagre numbers touched by their church services, and resolved to devote some $15,000 to efforts towards bringing the people, presumably the unchurched and the poor, within their influence. No one can question the excellence of these intentions, yet they represent a sentiment and method which are rapidly passing away. In this city, indeed, it is as

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well established as any fact can be, that the "people," in the sense of the poor, will not go to the churches on Fifth and Madison Avenues, no matter what inducements in the way of advertising and choral services and "breezy discussions of subjects of the day" are held out to them. The best of all proofs of this is that these churches nearly all maintain chapels for the poor, only three or four avenues away from their own doors. The very church referred to supports such a chapel, thus tacitly assenting to the idea either that the poor are not welcome within its walls, or that they will not come there.

It is undoubtedly true, moreover, that these outlying chapels, while doing a praiseworthy work, make but a small impression upon the great masses of non-church-going poor, whose lives remain practically untouched by elevating and reformatory influences. In other words, the plan of inducing the poor to come to the churches has led to results so insignificant that it may be called a failure, and the most hopeful outlook is now in the opposite scheme of *getting the churches to go to the poor.* We do not mean, of course, to go to them with more chapels, or even to build fine churches in the regions from which, in fact, the churches flee away, one after another, as if from a pestilence; but to go to them in person, through numerous representatives, for week-days as well as Sundays, to live among as well as to visit, to share their social conditions, so far as externals are concerned, and, in short, to seek to deal with them on a basis of equality instead of one of condescension.

Our readers may have noticed the annual meeting of the University Settlements Society, held this week, and may know of the Women's College Settlement in Rivington Street. These organizations represent the beginnings of a movement among us which has been long established in London and other cities of Great Britain. Its origin and growth, methods and results, are described in a lately published volume by Mr. R. A. Woods. Dating back to the Workingmen's College of Maurice, in 1860, where he used to secure the teaching services of young Cambridge graduates, and falling in with the University Extension movement which came a little later, it reached its characteristic and most important development in the determination of Edward Denison and Arnold Toynbee to work for the London poor by living among them. Out of that thought have grown the well-known Toynbee Hall and the Oxford House, with other institutions similar in aim, if not yet of like proportions, the main feature of which is the daily contact established between educated men and women and the poor.

Their work is religious only incidentally and secondarily, although we believe it is undeniable that a religious aim has been predominant in the minds of the founders and supporters of these University Settlements. But it is a religious aim grown wise enough to be willing to work by indirection. The first great gain is in the method of approach, and the persistent and powerful teaching by example. These young Oxford and Cambridge dons who are willing to take lodgings in Whitechapel, and come and go freely in the neighborhood, acquire their first influence by showing that it is not wholly true that the surroundings make the man, and that there are mental resources which make one superior to encompassing squalor and degradation. The effort to share these resources with the people ignorant of them naturally follows, and takes form in the various classes conducted, and in the literary and debating and social clubs which are formed. Manifestly, this is a very different thing from the traditional "missionary work" in cities, and opens the way for religious instruction from an entirely different side.

One valuable result achieved by the London University Settlements is the quickening in their neighborhoods of the sense of the duties and responsibilities of citizenship. Casting in their social lot for the time being with the people whose votes do so much to determine matters of local government, the residents are necessarily driven to appeal to the district electorate in order to effect district reforms and improvements. A good example of this is seen in the way a free library was secured for Whitechapel. Some years ago a vote was taken on the proposition to establish one, and it was overwhelmingly defeated. But recently the project was renewed, and, aided by the personal canvassing of 4,000 voters, conducted by more than a hundred representatives of Toynbee Hall, was adopted by a majority of almost four to one. A wide sphere of influence is certainly opened, in these directions, before our New York organizations. Tammany Hall, instead of Toynbee Hall, is responsible for the political education of the corresponding part of our citizens. The men of serious and worthy political, as well as educational and religious, ideals who go to live among them, are in the way of accomplishing greater changes in their way of looking at our civic problems than all the makers of party platforms and nominations, or all the preachers in Fifth Avenue churches, or, alas, all the newspapers.

The London University Settlements have also had a remarkable influence, indirectly, in changing the methods adopted by the churches themselves. The latter have been more and more led to subordinate their purely religious to their social and educational work; or at least to change the emphasis from one to the other. Many instructive examples of this are given by Mr. Woods, none more so than the following:

> "A very striking instance of adaptation to the needs of environment is that of a ritualistic church, situated in a region where the people are largely criminal. The vicar maintains a model lodging-house of a very fine kind for men; but the lads' club is the special feature of his work. In his church building, the room consecrated to religious services is up stairs—there being only one other such case in England—and just below is the club-room, whose main feature is a fully-equipped prize-ring, suitably enclosed and raised from the floor for the sake of spectators. Here, two or three evenings in the week, upwards of a hundred lads, nearly all of whom have been in prison, gather to see and participate in tournaments in boxing. . . . In such a way as this many young fellows are brought under good influences who would probably be plying their trade of pickpocket at the street corners, if only the usual mild excitements of church clubs were offered."

If the Church were in want of a precedent for the adoption of the "ministry to the poor" which consists in endeavoring to help them by sharing their life, it could find it in its long-established methods of conducting foreign missionary enterprises. It sends of its choicest and most refined to live in huts and hovels in order to reach the most degraded beings on earth; yet has been singularly forgetful of the same power of personal contact in the case of the poor of its own land. Indeed, one reason given for the removal of a foreign-missionary headquarters in this city from a down-town location to Fifth Avenue was that there were so many unpleasant foreigners thereabouts that the ladies found it disagreeable to come there. Yet the whole work of the missionary organization was to send representatives to pass all their days in immediate contact with unpleasant foreigners abroad. It is as a sign of the growing sense of the inconsistency of such conduct that the University Settlements and kindred institutions in this city have a good part of their significance.

VIENNA'S NEW MUSEUM.

VIENNA, November, 1891.

THE new picture gallery at Vienna has just been opened amid great applause and rejoicing. On all sides one hears praises of the magnificence of the new building, and congratulations on the fact that pictures hidden away in garrets for generations have at length had wall space found for them. The gallery is crowded the five days out of seven when it is opened, and on Sunday morning people push and jostle each other at the main entrance in as great numbers and with as much impatience as at the doors of a favorite theatre. In its way it is as great a popular success as the "Cavalleria Rusticana," which fills every seat in the Opera-house at each successive repetition, or the last new gilded café where gay Vienna drinks its afternoon coffee. And the Viennese can afford to enjoy his new Museum, since he has not been taxed a penny for it; like all the other so-called improvements of the Ring-Strasse, it has been paid for out of that elastic fund of 140,000,000 gulden raised when the old fortifications and ramparts were pulled down and the ground they had occupied was turned into building-lots. Truly Vienna is a lucky city, as a distinguished Hungarian said to me when we visited the gallery together; he, no doubt, thinking, with a statesman's thrift, of the 220,000 gulden which he and his friends have voted for the one painting alone with which Munkacsy is to adorn the walls of the new Hungarian Parliament house in Budapest.

But Vienna would be still luckier if good design and appropriate ornament for the new Museum had been as easily found as money to pay for them. Of the exterior I need here say nothing, for it has been finished several years, and, with the Natural History Museum, of which it is the counterpart even to a hard-and-fast repetition of commonplace detail, has for some time past been a conspicuous feature of the Burg-Ring. But the interior, upon which the architect's fancy has been allowed freest play, has only within the last month been shown to a long-expectant public. Of its magnificence there can be no question; indeed, it would be better if it but failed in this respect to equal current reports. Unfortunately

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there has been no exaggeration, and it is as gorgeous as many-colored marbles and much gilding can make it. The gorgeousness, however, is that of a London Holborn Restaurant or a Hoffman House bar. Expensive showiness, pretentious elegance, the characteristic of the architecture as of the life of the new Austro-Hungarian empire, rather than beauty, is the too well realized end of the prevailing scheme of decoration. The keynote to this scheme seems to be given in the conspicuous place, at the top of the main stairway facing the central entrance, chosen for Canova's Theseus: the same honors paid to it in an old museum might have a certain historical value, and then one would not have the statue removed; in a new gallery it is but a sad comment upon the art standard of the management. But the Theseus is not unworthy of the two lions flanking it on either side the great stairway—lions cut after the same model as exactly as if they had been cast in the same mould, expressionless, mechanical, the work of the stone-mason, not of the sculptor—aggressive proofs that bad ornament is far worse than none.

The cheap checker-board design, worked out in the most expensive marble floors and walls, the tawdry over-elaboration of ornament in the dome, the repetition of the same poorly drawn and designed figures in the panels in the walls of the two courts, are all irritating results of the same vulgar tendency of the modern Viennese, to make as much and as loud a show as possible. But by far the most glaring vulgarity of the decorator occurs in the arrangement of black marble columns, gaudily gilded, which support the ceiling painted by Múnkacsy, and exhibited by him two years ago in the Champs-Élysées Salon. Of course his work is entirely killed by the violent contrast, with the result that for nine people who stare at the columns, one may look at the painting, and then only to wonder why it should be already so faded and washed out. The color of a Titian, the most stately or sumptuous composition of a Rubens or Veronese, could not stand such a test. Indeed, their paintings in the galleries fare no better, but are simply overpowered by the unbearable pea-green of the background—a color which surely none but a Viennese house-decorator would have dreamed of choosing for the walls of a picture gallery.

The excess of decoration is less serious a drawback in the galleries on the first floor than in those on the second and third. It is in these lower rooms that the wonderful collection of armor from the Belvedere, the antiquities from the same palace, and the jewels and coins from the Burg Treasury are now exhibited; and the color of the walls, the gorgeousness of ornament, do but bring out the armor in stronger relief, while so long as jewels and coins, crystals and precious plate are well placed in appropriate cases in a good light, their effect is neither enhanced nor destroyed by their other surroundings. This part of the building is altogether the most satisfactory. The rooms are spacious and airy, and the light could scarcely be better; it does not fail even on the days when Vienna tries to rival London gloom and grayness. And the arrangement of the different collections is apparently no less successful, though of course this is a point upon which only specialists in each department can speak with authority. Certainly, however, individual specimens are shown to best advantage, and in every case historical or artistic sequence seems to be carefully observed. Of course, the fact that the things exhibited are of enormous interest, even to the average man, has much to do with the attention they command. Few sovereigns are as generous as the Austrian Kaiser in giving the public the benefit of his most precious jewels and priceless treasures; absolutely no other collection of armor can compete in historical value and beauty with the famous one of Vienna. As a rule, if a collector gives examples of every period and country, he is content; but here there is hardly a suit, hardly a weapon, which did not belong to a famous man, king, or hero, thus adding a personal charm which those who otherwise care little for the subject illustrated cannot resist. Armor that, for its own merits, one might pass by with indifference, one stops to look at with a suspicion of sentiment when, for example, it happened to be the property of that Bourbon who fell beneath one of the phenomenal shots of Benvenuto Cellini—as recorded by himself. And so with almost every stand, almost every case. The arms themselves are the secondary consideration; the men who bore them, the fights in which they figured, the first. And this personal interest asserts itself in the other departments as well. Here is the famous Cellini salt-cellar made for Francis I., really less delightful in itself than in his naïve description of its beauty and his own greatness; here, the Albert Dürer sketch-book, open at water-color drawings of figures designed by him for the Triumph of Maximilian; here, the decorations worn by the Hapsburgs of centuries. But it is useless to make a new guide-book to such well-known collections. It is enough to say that they have lost nothing by removal to their present quarters.

It is to be regretted that the picture galleries up stairs on the second floor are so much less satisfactory. The rooms are as large and the light as good, and the series of cabinets, three corresponding to each room, are far more successfully divided and lighted than is usual with these smaller compartments. They are really as enjoyable in themselves as those of Dresden are exhausting. But the pea-green wall alone would more than counterbalance all these not-to-be-belittled advantages. It brings out the gilt frames in fine relief, but it kills the canvases within them as effectively as Múnkacsy's ceiling is killed by the gilded marbles. Another mistake, not so deplorable, but still offensive enough, is the staring white bust placed in a dark niche over every door. In some of the rooms there are four doors, and, naturally, the white busts, and not the paintings, first attract the eye. In a picture gallery there should be absolutely nothing to distract attention from the pictures. As little common or artistic sense has been shown in the hanging. There is an attempt to group work together according to period, school, and nation, but with indifferent success. The Italians, it is true, have been kept very well to one side of the building, the Dutch, Germans, and Flemings to the other, the modern men to their own rooms. But beyond this there is little system. Venetians, Florentines, and Bolognese are scattered here, there, and everywhere in the Italian galleries. Of the Frenchmen, a few—Clouet, Vernet, and the eighteenth-century Millet—are stuck in a little corner of an Italian cabinet; while the rest—Watteau, Poussin, Duplessis, Rigaud—share a gallery with Velasquez. The size of a frame, too, often seems the chief reason for hanging a picture in a special place. The most unpardonable instance of this kind occurs in one of the Dutch rooms, where the line of uncommonly fine Rembrandts—the portrait of his mother, one of himself, an old man, and a youth singing—is broken by an aggressive canvas by Jan Lievens, a characterless portrait in a wreath of gaudy flowers, which has no other merit save that in size it exactly balances one of the Rembrandts.

But the worst feature of the gallery is the quantity of trash it contains. There might have been some hesitation in getting rid of worthless canvases so long as the collection remained in the Belvedere; but its removal to the new Museum was an opportunity for judicious weeding-out not given every day to a national or imperial gallery. Instead of making the most of it, however, more canvases have been unearthed from forgotten garrets and added to the already over-large series of rubbish. On a first visit to the Museum one is overwhelmed by the size of the galleries and the number of the pictures; but after a first round, one finds that there is comparatively little to see. In some of the Italian and Dutch and Flemish rooms, two or three paintings at the most can detain one; all are disfigured by the trivialities of obscure artists, by weak, pretentious canvases absurdly attributed to great painters, and by the failures which the latter, as well as the modern man, often enough turned out. It is, in a word, a gallery in which a Guido Reni is supreme, in which the Brummagem imitation is palmed off for the genuine masterpiece. At one time and another favoritism has reigned here, and a Director like Teniers has taken advantage of his position to fill the place with his own tedious performances and those of his friends; and, moreover, the gallery was imperial and had to be kept in the spick-and-span order worthy of an emperor. The trail of the cleaner's scrubbing and the restorer's paint-brush is over it all. There are Andrea del Sartos, all staring Paris greens, and Bordonis, all violent reds and blues and violets, that fairly set one's teeth on edge. There are Raphaels and Parmeggianos done up like new, and a couple of Rembrandts that look as if they had just come out of a bath and had had all character and beauty washed out of them. And who was it, I wonder, who got the commission to go around with that colossal pot of cobalt blue, and now give a good coating of it to a Bellini or a Perugino Madonna, and deepen the draperies of Lotto's Virgin; now touch up the sandals of Moretto's Justina and dash it over any and every other canvas that caught his eye as he passed; or perhaps put in a distant sky or a near bit of sea? It is perfectly inconceivable (but only too painfully evident) that such a piece of vandalism could have been perpetrated.

Modern art, though it fills six rooms on the second floor with oil paintings, and all the rooms above with water colors and odds and ends, might better have been left unrepresented altogether but for a little Troyon and a Makart; and the strangest part of it is that, while of course one comes to the familiar Defregger and Kaulbach, the names of the greater number of artists in this department are absolutely unknown. But perhaps the desire of the management to cover the walls at any cost has its worst outcome in the devotion of two rooms to the not very striking cartoons drawn by Vermayen to celebrate the return of Charles V. from Tunis; and of all the line in a third to the huge map-like battle scenes of Peter Snayers. These may be historical, but they are not art.

That in this labyrinth of mediocrity and worse the good work still holds its own is strongest proof of its greatness. And without question there is good work in Vienna, though

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in such decided minority. It is not, however, found among the paintings of Rubens, Dürer, and the Venetian school, where the guide book bids you look for it. All the big Rubenses may have been painted by himself; there is a legend that the Emperor had him watched during the two weeks he gave to his "Four Quarters of the Globe." But, whether entirely his own work or principally that of his pupils, it makes little difference, since certainly the result cannot be compared to his great masterpieces as one sees them in Munich, for example; in Vienna, as in Dresden and many other galleries, it is to his small sketches, to his portraits, one must turn to find the painter, not the manufacturer. The Dürers may be many in number, but one would give them all for the portrait of Holzschuher in Berlin, of Bernard van Orley in Dresden; and as for the famous Trinity, only the little stretch of landscape at the bottom of the canvas is genuinely Dürer-esque, artistically interesting. But it is the Venetians who suffer most at Vienna, the giants among them being made to answer for the sins of the pigmies; the name of Titian, of Tintoretto, of Veronese is labelled on many a picture from which the master himself would have shrunk in disgust. There are, of course, some fine Titians—the man with crimson sleeves holding a statuette in his hand, the three treatments of the same head in one frame (perhaps not painted by him, though he would have been proud, not ashamed, to own it), the large sketch of landscape and figures, the fat man in black and fur, to mention no others; there are fine portraits by Tintoretto, and fairly good Palma Vecchios, and a Bellini and a Carpaccio of no small merit. But the fact remains that walls had better have been left bare than have been covered by the great mass of the work for which the Venetians are held responsible.

The glory of the gallery is really in the series of portraits by Velasquez: the little royal children, in their big hoops and stiff stomachers, with the sheen of their silks, the glitter of their silver lace, rendered as only he could do it; the Infanta Maria Theresa (there are no less than five pictures of her by him here), her rouged face disfigured by the ill-humor which he has made as familiar as the eyes and Austrian lips of his Philip; Philip himself, and his son, the little Don Balthasar Carlos, refined, simple, and strong; a group of Velasquez's own family, his studio and easel in the background; and, probably because they were not *pretty* enough to attract the restorer, only one of his pictures, that of a beggar boy, has been seriously tampered with. Rivalling the Velasquezes are the Rembrandts, the portrait of his mother and that wonderful singing youth alone making up for the dreariness of the rooms one must pass through to reach them. Vandyke also is well represented—that is, in his portraits; not in his uninteresting Madonnas and St. Georges and other Scriptural and allegorical compositions. And here and there one comes across a picture which asserts itself, despite pea-green walls and surrounding rubbish—pictures which differ one from the other as much as Moretto's Justina and the little Adam and Eve by Van Eyck, with the delightful Lilith, half woman, half blue and yellow chameleon; as that head of a Florentine, by an unknown master, which hangs in the first room, and the long, narrow, charmingly decorative panels by Schiavone; as the Cæsar's Triumph drawings by Mantegna, and the Judith, effective in its somewhat conventional, dramatic way, of Allori. There are good examples, too, of a man like Ruysdael, whose landscapes artistically have so little to interest the modern painter; and there are one or two instances, Peter Breughel the most notable, of an artist who in other galleries sinks into apparently well-merited obscurity, here coming to the fore, not so much because of artistic excellence as by the force of his own individuality.

But, when all is said, and even if I went still further into detail and wrote out a whole catalogue of the exceptions, it cannot be denied that bad and indifferent, restored and cleaned-up work is the rule. Here, in its gorgeous new quarters, instead of being impressed by the collection, one only wonders how it was that Vienna ever ventured to rank its gallery among the great ones of the world. And it is the same in all the other galleries of the town—in the Academy, in the Art and Industrial Museum, in the Lichtenstein Palace: everywhere, to an acre of rubbish you may find perhaps a few feet of decent work; everywhere a big, rather than a good, show is the ideal striven after. But what can be expected of people who, though they brag of their capital as a great art centre, deliberately took the beautiful old glass from the windows of St. Stephen's Church to replace it with hideous memorials to some popular hero or popular event—I neither know nor care which? They may now pride themselves on their gaudy new picture gallery, but to the real lover of art it can have little attraction until its walls are repainted and redecorated, until four-fifths of the rooms are closed, and the remaining fifth filled with the canvases which alone deserve to have survived the generation that produced them.

N. N.

CLARETIE'S LIFE OF LE SAGE.

PARIS, November 26, 1891.

THE author of 'Gil Blas' will always remain among the French classics. Le Sage may be said to be the first novelist of the eighteenth century. The fate of novels was very different then from what it is now: the public of the end of the nineteenth century may be defined as a novel-reading public; the success of a review, of a magazine, of a newspaper depends greatly upon the quality of its novels. We may have become very prosaic, very realistic, yet we live much in a world of pure imagination. We are not satisfied with the numerous sensations which are given to us daily by our own private affairs, by the affairs of the whole world, which are brought very near to us by the newspaper and the telegraph: we must have imaginary joys and hopes and fears. The combinations of each life, rich and varied as they are, do not satisfy us; we want other combinations, created by the invention of writers.

I often wonder how a man can sit before a table and write a novel; all has been said, all has been thought, the play of passions has no secrets for us. It was not so in the happy days when there were hardly any novels, when people contented themselves with studying history. History also is a sort of novel, as it never comes to us except through the imagination and the theories of the historian. Novel-writing began in France with what may be called the metaphysical or the historical novel, or a mixture of the two. Le Sage was the true creator of what we call the *roman de mœurs*, of the novel which pretends to be an exact description of ordinary life.

The biography of Le Sage has recently been written by M. Léo Claretie, a nephew of M. Jules Claretie, the member of the French Academy and the present Director of our French Theatre. His 'Essai sur Le Sage' was originally a thesis written for the doctorship in letters, but has now assumed the proportions of a volume—and a very readable volume it is. Le Sage was born at Sarzeau, near Vannes, May 8, 1668; his father was Claude Le Sage, sieur of Kerbistoul, royal notary, farmer of the tithes of the Abbey of Prières. He was educated at the College of Vannes, and went to Paris to study law. He never returned to Sarzeau, but, says M. Claretie, "Breton he remained all his life by character, pride, independence, probity, tenacity carried to obstinacy, and by superstition." Collé gives in his journal a characteristic anecdote which shows his pride: "Before 'Turcaret' was played, he had promised the Duchesse de Bouillon to read her the piece; it was thought that the reading would take place before dinner; some business detained him and he arrived late. The Duchesse de Bouillon received him with an appearance of impatience and pride, and told him, with an air of discontent, that she had lost an hour waiting for him. 'Well, madame,' said Le Sage coldly, 'I will make you gain two hours.' After this short speech he bowed and went away."

Le Sage, at the age of twenty-six, married Marie Elisabeth Huyard, daughter of a Parisian bourgeois; the mother of his wife was named Marie Carlos, a name which suggests a Spanish origin. Perhaps his mother-in-law gave him the first idea of 'Gil Blas.' As a lawyer, Le Sage had no success; he very soon gave himself entirely to literature. We shall say nothing of his 'New Adventures of Don Quixote,' which appeared in 1704. His first successful book was 'Le Diable Boiteux,' which came out in 1707, and had a second edition in the same year. Two gentlemen fought, sword in hand, at Barbin's shop (the famous Barbin, who sold his books on the steps of the Sainte-Chapelle) for the possession of the last copy of the second edition. Dancourt gave a play at the French Theatre, "Le Diable Boiteux," and soon afterwards another, "Second Chapître du Diable Boiteux."

The 'Diable Boiteux' is the only novel of Le Sage's now read with 'Gil Blas.' The idea is ingenious: the devil takes off the roofs of the houses of Paris, and shows us the inner life of the capital; we have thus a true picture of every-day life such as had been shown so far only on the stage, in the comedies of Molière, Regnard, Dufresny, Dancourt. The public found in it, under a thin veil, the stories and scandals which amused it at the time; the style was clear, lively, witty, without affectation.

'Gil Blas' has a singular history. It did not appear as a whole, but in four parts; the two first were published, in two 12mo volumes, by P. Ribon, in 1715; there exist only two or three copies of the first volume, antedated 1714. I found one of these volumes, marked 1714, on the Quai Voltaire, not in a bookseller's shop, but in one of the little boxes which the *bouquinistes* put on the wall of the quai; the *bouquiniste* felt instinctively that the volume had some value, and sold it to me for a price which he thought was very high. The two first parts (1715) have become very rare. The third part was published in 1724 by the Widow P. Ribon, full nine years after the two first; the fourth part came out eleven years afterwards, issued by Jacques Ribon in 1735. The bibliophiles have only lately begun collecting their 'Gil Blas' with these four volumes, which are the true original parts of the works. It is extremely difficult to secure good copies of the four, as they are always found in old calf bindings, with pages soiled and torn. To this first original edition of 'Gil Blas' the biblio-

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philes add the edition of 1747, published in four volumes by the Libraires Associés, an edition which was revised by the author. A good library ought to have both these editions.

I have often asked myself why there were such long intervals between the publication of the first parts and that of the two others. Was the reading public so limited? Did not 'Gil Blas,' meet with the same success as the 'Diable Boiteux'? Did Le Sage get tired of his own work or grow discouraged? Did he search for new documents in Spanish literature, which was of such resource to him in all his works? The answer to these questions is not given in the volume of M. Claretie. We can only conjecture that 'Gil Blas' was the favorite work of Le Sage; that he polished it and repolished it incessantly. It was to him what the 'Caractères' was to La Bruyère, who printed seven editions of his work in his lifetime, always adding new portraits, new reflections, new maxims. We see also in the biography of Le Sage that his time was continually taken up by other writings, and especially by the plays which he had to prepare during twenty-six years for the Théâtre de la Foire. This theatre was the temple of satire: Le Sage spent the greater part of his life upon small plays of all kinds—prologues, comic operas, Chinese pieces, satires, vaudevilles, parodies. He had many collaborators—Fuzelier, D'Orneval, and others. He received 4,000 livres a year for his collaboration. It was his daily bread. He wrote, besides, plays, which he never signed with his name, for the Italian Theatre.

The only play of Le Sage's which is still read (it was given at the French Theatre) is "Turcaret." It is a cruel picture of the *fermiers généraux*, of their cupidity, their inhumanity, their vulgarity. During the nine years which separate the publication of the two first parts of 'Gil Blas' and that of the third part, Le Sage shared in the making of forty-two comedies, prologues, and comic operas; in the period which separates the publication of the third and fourth parts we find his hand in thirty-eight plays and in three novels, 'Guzman d'Alfarache,' the 'Aventures de Robert Chevalier dit de Beauchesne,' and 'Estevanillo Gonzalès.'

These last novels are read no longer, or by very few people; they sometimes find a place, when they are in the original editions, in libraries made up of what we call "livres rares et curieux." M. Claretie gives amusing details on the adventures of a pretty girl of the Rue Mazarine, Marie Petit, who followed Favre when he had an official mission to Persia. On the way Marie Petit became the mistress of Ferréol, who bought the famous Circassian slave Aïssé, and who was at the time Ambassador of France in Constantinople. Ferréol wished that the mission to Persia should be given to his own secretary, Michel, and by his order Favre was poisoned. Marie Petit, in man's clothes, took with her the son of the victim, conducted him to Persia, and appeared herself before the Shah as the Ambassador of Louis XIV. On her return to France she was arrested, and in order to exculpate herself she wrote her Memoirs. Ferréol wrote his reports on her scandalous life in Persia, her abjuration of the Christian religion.

The Minister of Foreign Affairs asked Le Sage to make a narrative of the adventures of Marie Petit. M. Claretie gives us Le Sage's answer to the Foreign Office. It is a curious autograph, now in the collection of M. A. Bovet, who bought it in June, 1884, for 1,010 francs (a high price, but autographs of Le Sage are very rare). She acknowledges, he says, in her relation of her journey, that

"at Erivan she was looked upon as an houri, but protests that she did not make the happiness of the Mohammedans, not even of the old Khan who adored her. The love of this good lord had nothing material in it—quite in accordance with the opinion we have of the chastity of the Levantines; she even never had any criminal weakness for M. Favre, whatever may have been said. This Cleopatra of the Bourbonnais, happier than the Cleopatra of antiquity, has the privilege of charming men without corrupting their manners. . . . Conducting negotiations, she had no other object than the service of the King and of the nation. . . . The 'Memoirs' which you communicate to me, and in which I find a character of truth, have shaken all my ideas. The pen which I kept ready for the justification of a woman who did not seem to me so guilty, falls from my hand, and I see now in her an adventuress, whose life seems to me less worthy of being offered to the curiosity of men than of being concealed from it."

This ironical letter ends with a question: Le Sage asks what remains for him to do; but it is quite clear that he has no desire to become the historiographer of Marie Petit. In fact, the incident dropped there, and Marie Petit is still waiting for an historian.

M. Claretie attaches some importance to the 'Adventures' of the filibuster Beauchesne, and tries to resuscitate this now forgotten novel, which, he says, is as amusing as the novels of Jules Verne. I doubt, however, whether modern boys will like it as well; modern boys delight in semi-scientific works, and Beauchesne had no knowledge of electricity.

The biography of Le Sage is really the list of his works, which is a very long one; his life had no incidents. He was not a man of the world, he refused to become a candidate for the French Academy; he spent his time with a few friends in the cafés of Paris and was not seen in the salons; the cafés of the time were almost literary salons. He retired in his old age to Boulogne, where he was most respected, and where he died on the 17th of November, 1747.

Correspondence.

WHAT DID IOWA MEAN?

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Four questions were distinctly presented to the voters of Iowa at the late election: First, Shall the prohibitory law be abandoned in favor of some form of local option and license? Secondly, Is the extreme protective policy of the McKinley Bill wise? Thirdly, Should there be free coinage of silver? Fourthly, Shall the Republican or the Democratic party control the districting of the State, and shall the Democracy have a chance to "Michiganize" the State for the coming Presidential election?

Immediately after the election it was generally asserted that the Democratic victory was wholly or mainly a decision against prohibition. But now that the full returns are at hand, in detail, it is plain that more than one question was answered. I know positively that each of the above four issues was considered to be supreme by some voters, and study of the detailed returns shows that each had influence. The fourth and third, however, cannot be easily isolated; but no one who talks with voters can doubt that many dissatisfied Republicans were held in the ranks by them. Republican speakers and organs insisted that if the Democracy should obtain control of the Legislature, the State would be gerrymandered and "Michiganized." This fear was used as a whip on those who disapproved of the party policy, and if the next General Assembly of the State is not controlled by the Democrats, it will be for just that reason. The silver question seems also to have prevented some such Republicans from voting, as they wished to do, for the Democratic candidates for State offices. The McKinley Bill was certainly condemned, as appears from the fact that many counties in which prohibition seems to have succeeded, and which will demand local option if the present law shall be repealed, showed heavy Democratic gains and Republican losses. The verdict, too, was unmistakably against the prohibitory law, but it cannot be maintained that that was the only decisive issue. Old Republicans and young men of Republican antecedents voted for Democratic candidates on account of dislike of both the prohibitory law and the McKinley Bill. And the condemnation of them was not as pronounced as was the feeling against them, because some did not wish to seem to favor unlimited coinage of silver, and others, who wanted the State prohibitory law repealed, dared not vote for the candidates who, if elected, would be sure so to do.

How, then, is this decision against the prohibitory law to be explained? First, it reveals the fact that very many old Republicans who favored the law and expected good from it at first, have been convinced that it is not the best weapon to use against the liquor curse now and here These voters are still thoroughgoing temperance men, but they think that they have learned by experience that prohibition is too largely a failure in Iowa. If this were all, I do not see that any one ought to be troubled, for we ought all to be able to distinguish between opposition to the drink evil and prohibition, which is only one of many forms of opposition. But I cannot hide from myself that another and much more serious fact was revealed. All evidence goes to show that a disproportionate number of young men voted against prohibition, and these young men meant to secure for themselves and others the privilege of drinking conveniently and legally, if they should please so to do.

It was by that sort of old-fashioned temperance work which our more advanced prohibitionists despise, as being far behind the times, that the majority of the voters of Iowa were taught to array themselves against strong drink, and then to embody their opposition in a law. But since the enactment of that law there has been a diversion of energy from the work of persuading young people one by one to take a stand against this evil by both their personal habits and their influence. Instead of that, we have had constant discussion of the law, with arguments to show that all other reliances are a delusion and a snare, and that all people who distrust the law are unsound on the main question; and the result is (was it not to have been expected?) that troops of young men signalize their arrival at voting age by going to the polls to cast a vote for what they consider "personal liberty." While we have been busy in defence of the law, they have been concluding that the right to drink comfortably, conveniently, socially, and legally is a thing worth voting for. N. V. N.

Story Co., Iowa.

MR. CLARKSON'S PECULIAR WAYS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Mr. Clarkson affirms that "the hope of the party lies in the expansion of a stalwart

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Republican press." It was therefore, no doubt, with purely patriotic views that he stole, a few years back, the mailing-list of the *Voice*. That a man capable of such an action should be able to hold up his head and should be considered fit to be President of the so-called "National Republican League," is a most striking proof of the degradation that has overtaken our political methods. M. C. L.

PHILADELPHIA, December 13, 1891.

THE MAYOR OF CLEVELAND AND HIS CABINET.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Having read the able arguments of "G. B." with interest and faith, and believing the ideas therein fully as valuable for local as for national application, I was pleased to see the following in the new municipal law for the city of Cleveland:

"Sec. 27. The Mayor and heads of the several departments shall each have seats in the Council, and the Mayor shall be entitled to take part in its proceedings and deliberations on all questions, and the heads of departments shall be entitled to take part in its proceedings and deliberations on all questions relating to their respective departments, subject to such rules as the Council shall from time to time prescribe, but without the right to vote; and such officers may be compelled to attend meetings of the Council in the same manner as the members."

The law has other good points, but has been in operation only about six months.—Respectfully yours, WILLIAM WALKER.

ALLEGHENY, PA., December 7, 1891.

WOMEN TEACHERS AT THE UNIVERSITY OF ZÜRICH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a recent letter I informed you of the result of the proceedings of the Senate of Zürich University regarding the bestowal of the "venia legendi" upon women. This week the governmental Council of Education discussed the matter from the legal point of view, and decided that no distinction can be made between men and women as such. Female as well as male candidates for the honor of "Privat-Docent" must bring proofs of their capacity to do scientific work, and hold a "test lecture" which shall be satisfactory to the respective faculty. The faculty is the highest authority on the question of qualification, so the way is open.—Yours respectfully, A. L. G.

ZÜRICH, December 3, 1891.

Notes.

IN April, 1891, a MS. was sold in Philadelphia purporting to be a set of prayers, or "Daily Sacrifice," in the handwriting of George Washington, though the script is very different from any known writing of Washington. It is now announced for publication, with an introduction on the religious life of Washington by the Rev. Charles F. Deems, and a special recommendation to ministers: "It is conceded that the prayers of George Washington will be of great value in your labors, they being a powerful argument in favor of religion, and may be the means of converting the unbeliever." It is a pity that some effort has not been made to convert those who do not consider the prayers as by Washington, before making one more addition to the mass of suspected Washington material.

J. B. Lippincott Co. will shortly issue the eighth volume of the new 'Chambers's Encyclopædia'; 'Ashes and Incense,' poems by Waitman Barbe; 'A North-Country Comedy,' by M. Betham Edwards; 'A Divided Duty,' by Ida Lemon; and 'The Tannins,' a monograph on vegetable astringents, by Dr. Henry Trimble.

Worthington Co.'s holiday list includes 'With Stanley in Africa,' a summary of this explorer's adventures by Capt. McClure; and 'Manners and Customs of Spain,' by James Mew, with etchings by R. de los Rios.

D. C. Heath & Co. have nearly ready 'Beowulf,' translated into modern metres by Prof. John Lesslie Hall of the College of William and Mary.

Ginn & Co. announce for January 'Ben Jonson's Timber,' edited by Prof. Felix E. Schelling of the University of Pennsylvania.

Leach, Shewell & Sanborn have in press Johnson's 'Rasselas,' edited by Prof. F. N. Scott of the University of Michigan, and a 'Plane and Spherical Trigonometry,' by Prof. E. Miller of the University of Kansas. This firm, by special arrangement, have become the American publishers of Dr. Kiepert's 'Atlas Antiquus.'

The recent excellent performance in this city by the Meininger players of Von Kleist's drama, "Die Hermannschlacht," leads us to mention a work by Richard Tieffenbach which will soon appear in Berlin, with the title, 'Ueber die Oertlichkeit der Varus-Schlacht'—a question of permanent interest not yet definitively decided.

A practically unknown corner of art history has been explored by Robert H. Lamborn, Ph.D., in 'Mexican Painting and Painters: A Brief Sketch of the Development of the Spanish School of Painting in Mexico,' of which a limited edition of 500 copies has been printed for the author. Dr. Lamborn passed some seven months in Mexico in the years 1881 and 1883, and made a collection of nearly eighty pictures of the Mexican branch of the Spanish school of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, which is now deposited in the Pennsylvania Museum in Memorial Hall, Philadelphia. His interest thus aroused, he was surprised to find that this school was almost entirely ignored by the makers of dictionaries of art and biography, and his little monograph of seventy-six pages is the result of an attempt to fill the gap. It includes, besides a general disquisition on the development and decay of the Spanish-Mexican school of painting, short biographical notices of 121 painters and a catalogue of his collection. It is beautifully printed on heavy paper, and illustrated with two phototypes from originals in the author's collection, and an outline of the "Entombment" at Tzintzuntzan, attributed to Titian. It should be a valuable addition to the reference-books of our great libraries. Copies may, presumably, be had of the author, whose address is Washington, D. C.

'Symbolism in Christian Art,' by F. Edward Hulme, F.L.S., F.S.A. (Macmillan & Co.) is one of the thousands of books which are brought into existence every year without any apparent reason. As we already possess, in English, several good manuals upon the subject treated, the only excuse for the production of another would be that it is an improvement in some particular upon those which it follows, and this Mr. Hulme's book is not. It is not, on the whole, a bad compilation, but it is by no means free from errors, and its style is dry and unattractive. There are numerous illustrations, of mediocre quality.

'George Eliot; Her Early Home' (Raphael Tuck & Sons) is the title of an attractive gift-book, elaborately illustrated by different hands. Views of Nuneaton, Griff, and other places, taken on the spot, serve to show how closely the great novelist followed each detail in the descriptions which are scattered through her verse and prose, and are here collected as a text for the engravings. The march of improvement, while it is almost more deliberate in rustic England than anywhere else in the world, is gradually changing the appearance of George Eliot's favorite shire; but many of the cottages, manor houses, and churches which she has made familiar to her readers are still very much as they were in the days of her impressionable childhood, and they are admirably reproduced here. A mistake of the printer makes the date of her death 1860 instead of 1880.

There have been many editions of Sheridan's great comedy, with and without prefaces and illustrations, but we doubt whether the new issue of "The School for Scandal," illustrated by Lucius Rossi (Raphael Tuck & Sons), is not that with the largest page. Unfortunately, the typographical arrangement of the text in double columns is tasteless; and the black and white of the letterpress does not marry well with the gay colors of Rossi's polychromatic illustrations, which apparently are somewhat greasy lithographic reproductions of water-color drawings. The costuming is picturesque, but the figures lack character to such an extent, for instance, that it is not easy at first glance to distinguish *Lady Teazle* from *Maria*, and in like manner *Charles* and *Joseph* are inadequately differentiated. Still, as an example of the use of color in book-illustration, this edition of "The School for Scandal" is not without interest.

The satirical "romaunt of the town," 'Sybilla,' by T. C. DeLeon (Mobile: Gossip Printing Co.), takes on a holiday form, yet would not arrest attention but for the photographic illustrations, which consist of tableaus "made by ladies and gentlemen from our society" on occasion of the reading of the poem. These are more agreeably representative of Southern society than the text, if not worthy of Mr. De Leon's exaggerated praise in comparison with artistic compositions.

A. Witteman, 67 Spring Street, sends us two seasonable collections of characteristic views of New York and Brooklyn, generally well chosen, but too often ill-printed by the heliotype process. For pictorial effectiveness the New York cover view is unsurpassed.

A number of reissued classics are on our table and need hardly more than the finger-post. The 'Arabian Nights' squeezed into three volumes of the dainty "Knickerbocker Nuggets" series (Putnams) suggests the feat by which the genie returned into the casket. The selections are from Lane's version, and are accompanied by Stanley Lane-Poole's preface. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, have issued very taking editions of 'The Scottish Chiefs' and 'The Children of the Abbey,' each in two volumes, handsomely printed, and bound in exceptionally good taste. Mrs. Gaskell's 'Cranford' cannot well be thought of as more fittingly or attractively attired than in the edition just brought out by Macmillan & Co. Mrs. Anne Thackeray Ritchie furnishes an introduction with some personal and local reminiscences, adapted rather for past readers. The illustrations are by Hugh Thomson, and are both ornamental and in keeping with the spirit of the book. The typography is admirable, and the cover is richly gilt after an appropriate design by Mr. Thomson.

Two thin volumes of Yule-tide stories and

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two of "Christmas poems from round the world" make a series called 'In the Yule-Log Glow' (Lippincott). Mr. Harrison S. Morris, who is responsible for the selections and may be praised for them, has inserted pieces of his own in prose and verse, which show him to be a disciple of the author of the 'Christmas Carol.' The small library is prettily made within and without.

The fancy calendars seem fewer in number this year than usual, and the number might well be diminished in favor of a truer taste. Humor and grace and not a little good drawing are displayed in Pauline Sumter's 'All Around the Year' for 1892, issued by Lee & Shepard in Boston, children being the subjects of the twelve designs in color. Much larger and more pretentious, but also less meritorious, is 'A Year's Sunshine,' published by Raphael Tuck & Sons, after designs by Maud Goodwin, whose coloring and draughtsmanship both leave something to be desired. In book form we have 'Women's Thoughts for Women,' chosen and arranged by Rose Porter (A. D. F. Randolph & Co.). Each of the twelve months has its excerpts from a single writer, beginning with Mrs. Browning and ending with Miss Rossetti. In the case of George Eliot, sentiments borrowed from her characters have by this grouping (with the compiler's personal equation) the appearance of being the writer's own. Here there is nothing, perhaps, to complain of, but an odd effect might be produced by the same treatment of writers of fiction generally.

A fairly bewildering variety meets the eye of one who turns over the bound volume of *Harper's Young People* for 1891. The weekly issue doubtless has its influence in holding down the number of serials—never more than one long one is allowed to run at the same time; and the shorter contributions, thus made predominant, strikingly reveal their great range when massed under one cover. Adventure and extravaganza rule in the stories, and athletics furnish a text for many skilled advisers how to become experts in football, running, jumping, tennis, and the like; nor are the girls forgotten, though they do not fare as well as the boys. "Process" dominates in the illustrations, which are not of a high order, though an occasional animal drawing of Mr. Church's and all of Mr. Gibson's out-of-door work light up the pages.

St. Nicholas for 1891 makes two sightly volumes. The frontispieces furnish the best of the illustrations, three or four being notably good, and next after them come some of the artistic conceits going with fantastic stories. On the whole, the serious aims of the management are well maintained. The leading serial stories are by Mr. Trowbridge and Noah Brooks, and relate to boy-life of a vigorous and homely type. An interesting contribution is made by Mr. E. L. Welles in "My Autograph-Book"—interesting as testifying to the good-nature of celebrities in complying with a boy's request for their autographs, and, in the case of Thackeray's long letter, interesting in other ways.

One of the best of New Year's gifts is *Babyhood* (New York). "The mother's nursery guide, devoted to the care of children," the sub-title defines this valuable monthly magazine, of which the seventh bound volume has just come to hand. Time does less to impair the usefulness of back volumes of *Babyhood* than of most other periodicals, and a full set is much to be prized by any mother of a growing family. An admirable feature from the first has been competent medical direction, for which Dr. L. M. Yale is and has been responsible.

With the close of the year Mr. W. D. Howells will terminate his literary connection with *Harper's Magazine* and assume the chief editorial control of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* of this city.

The Messrs. Goldthwaite, publishers of the *Geographical Magazine*, project another monthly, to be called *Minerals*.

The Ninth Annual Convention of the Modern Language Association of America will be held in Columbian University, Washington, D. C., on December 28-31 inclusive. At the regular sessions of the Convention the following papers will be presented: "The Gerund in Nineteenth Century English," by Prof. J. L. Armstrong (Trinity College, N. C.); "The Preparation of Modern-Language Teachers for American Institutions," by E. H. Babbitt (Columbia); "The Sounds of R," by Alexander Melville Bell (Washington); "Jean de Mairet: A Critical Study in the History of French Literature," by Julius Blume (Johns Hopkins); "Ignored Resources of French Literature for College Study," by Louise Both-Hendriksen (Brooklyn); "Diminutives in *-ing* in Low German," by A. F. Chamberlain (Clark); "Augustini Sendebrev til Cyrillus, and Jeronymi Levnet," by D. K. Dodge (Columbia); "The Islefios of Louisiana and their Dialect," by Alcée Fortier (Tulane); "Nathan der Weise (with special reference to the criticisms of Kuno Fischer)," by G. Gruener (Yale); "James Russell Lowell as a Prose Writer," by T. W. Hunt (Princeton); "Indo-European Parallel Roots with and without initial *s*, especially in the Germanic Languages," by G. Karsten (Indiana); "A Study of Lanier's Poems," by C. W. Kent (Tennessee); "The Phonology of the Patois of Cachy (Département de la Somme)," by T. Logie (Williams); "The Law Language in England from Edward I. to Henry VIII.," by B. F. O'Connor (Columbia); "The Jersey Dialect (Channel Islands)," by J. S. Shefloe (Woman's College, Baltimore); "Philology and Literature in American Colleges and Universities," by H. E. Shepherd (Charleston).

—We must briefly dismiss here some few remaining children's books of a not very brilliant season. 'The Story of the Iliad,' by Prof. A. J. Church,' and 'The Story of the Odyssey,' by the same author (Macmillan), are skilfully condensed from the original, keeping close to it almost invariably, reproducing the choicest passages with fidelity, and omitting episodes or details of doubtful use to young people. Boys or girls of twelve years or under ought to find either volume equally charming. Mr. Church would have made them still easier reading if he had avoided an occasional artificial phrase, and had dropped the solemn style, as Prof. Palmer does in his 'Odyssey.' The illustrations after Flaxman, colored in imitation of ancient vase-painting, are in harmony with the story and increase the attractiveness of these well-printed volumes. 'Mistress Phil,' by Mary H. Debenham (Thomas Whittaker), imitates Mrs. Ewing's style very noticeably, but the imitation goes no further. The story is set in the English town of Waltham, about the middle of the last century, and the author has taken care to avoid anachronisms, while making no pretence of being historical. Though designed, according to the publisher, "for prizes and rewards," the book is a pleasant one, and teaches its simple lesson of unselfish kindness in an unobtrusive way. Another book which still more plainly shows Mrs. Ewing's influence is 'The Knighting of the Twins, and Ten Other Tales,' by Clyde Fitch (Roberts Bros.). Here, however, there is little originality, and the effect of importing Mrs. Ewing's peculiarly English family life into such of the stories as pertain to this country is, of course, incongruous. It would have been well if, having carried his copying so far, Mr. Fitch had been able to copy Mrs. Ewing's self-restraint, too, and so avoid the sentimentality into which he sometimes falls, particularly when touching upon religious matters. The English antiquarian, the Rev. J. C. Atkinson, in 'The Last of the Giant-Killers' (Macmillan & Co.), offers a number of wonder-tales in which archæology, folk-lore, modern slang, and obsolete words are strangely jumbled together. "Had you rather be better than you seem or seem better than you are?" is the unmannerly question suggested by 'Rose and Lavender,' an English story by the author of 'Miss Toosey's Mission,' etc. (Roberts Bros.), so uncompromisingly does the sharp contrast between solid worth with an unattractive exterior, and folly masked by skin deep beauty, forbid a *tertium quid*. The poor heroine, moreover, is so overladen with her burden of homeliness, clumsiness, and dulness as to make the choice a sadly doubtful one to any but an extra stalwart conscience. 'The Abandoned Claim,' by Mrs. Flora Haines Loughead (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), tells of three children of a San Francisco mechanic, suddenly thrown upon their own resources, who decide to take up Government land for a home. Their farming experience are well related, and make an interesting story, albeit things really run a little too smooth for probability. The tone is serious without being dull.

—Capt. Gronow's 'Reminiscences,' published originally a quarter of a century ago in four successive volumes, have been reissued in two handsome octavos under the title 'The Reminiscences and Recollections of Captain Gronow; being Anecdotes of the Camp, Court, Clubs, and Society, 1810-1860,' with a portrait and thirty-two illustrations from contemporary sources, colored by hand (Scribners). The contents are a series of social anecdotes, varying from half a page to two or three pages in length, in which the author unburdens his memory of the experience of fifty years spent in the midst of the most notable people and social conversation of his time. He passed from Eton to the Grenadier Guards, and lived the career natural to such a beginning, with much respect to "good form" and some eccentricities of his own. He narrates scenes, incidents, and sayings that were truly as much common property as portraits, according to his own view, and he observes the conventions of social good taste. He hits off the character of his work excellently when he describes his reminiscences as "fragmental and miniature illustrations of contemporary history"; he renders a picture of society in its individuality, and the value of the work lies in its multifariousness, its vivacity and clearness of impression, its saving the trifles which give picturesqueness and effect to the times, whether in fashions of thought and behavior or in personality. The illustrations are chosen with much care and skill, and are "strongly characterized, though not precisely caricatures," in order to harmonize with the spirit of a work which deals much with "eccentric personages, odd celebrities and incidents somewhat out of the common order"—so the illustrator, Joseph Grego, describes his method; and in fact these pictures are an added charm of the volumes, which must remain one of the important sources for the social life and manners of the first half of our century.

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—We made passing mention, the other day, of Mr. J. G. Bartholomew's article in the *Scottish Geographical Magazine* for November on the mapping of North America. This writer states that "no complete and systematic survey has yet been organized in the United States," whereas, notoriously, a systematic topographic survey has been in progress under the Geological Survey for the past ten years, during which time some 650,000 square miles, or more than one-sixth of the entire area of the country, including Alaska, has been mapped upon scales comparable in every respect with those of European countries. For obvious reasons, this survey is being executed for industrial, and not immediately for military purposes, as has generally been the case in Europe. Mr. Bartholomew's oversight is the more remarkable as, in the same paragraph, the work of the Geological Survey is described. His list of maps of the United States, again, is said to contain "only recent and authentic maps" and "original survey publications." It appears, however, that his plan was to include only such as happened to come under his eye; and as there is little attempt at classification and no apparent attempt at selection, the result is curious, and well illustrates the proverbial ignorance of Europeans concerning this country. No distinction is made between the mother maps, as those made from original sources of information may be designated, and those compiled from them. Little distinction is made between topographic maps proper and maps made to serve special and specific purposes. Maps which have long ago been supplanted by later and better work occupy quite as prominent positions as these. Several of the most prominent of the compiled maps are omitted, while, on the other hand, the list is extended to include the diagrams of postal routes, maps of mines and mining districts, of land grants to railroads, etc. A series of maps published by Rand, McNally & Co. of Chicago are given prominence in a paragraph, while those of no other of the scores of map publishers of the country are named. There is no good reason why such a list should not have been extended to the dimensions of several volumes.

—Apropos of what has recently appeared in the *Nation* with regard to the correspondence of Paul Dudley and Cotton Mather with the Royal Society, a correspondent sends us the following note in illustration of the side lights that are thrown upon the history of the colonial period by letters to be found among the archives of the Royal Society. Dr. William Douglas had a strong dislike to Cotton Mather, and wrote in depreciation of his 'Magnolia,' from which, however, the author of a history of the Plantations did not scruple to annex much information:

"Writing from Boston on the 25th of September, 1721, William Douglas desires of Dr. Alexander Stuart his 'serious thoughts,' and those of his 'ingenious friends of the profession;' and particularly 'Dr. Meade's opinion of a practice called inoculation of the small-pox, communicated to the Royal Society by two correspondents from the Levant.' Dr. Douglas had lent the *Transactions* (Nos. 339 and 347) to 'a certain credulous preacher of this place called Mather.' Upon the arrival of the 'Small Pox (after nineteen years absence) here last spring, the clergy, spirited by Mather, preached up Inoculation. I not sufficiently assured [?] of its consequences did most possible to oppose this rash practice. We have in all to this time had above 60 persons inoculated of all ages, sexes, and conditions. One or two hundred dyed. Several have had the confluent sort accompanied with a fretor [?] peculiar to Inoculation. . . . From morning to night I am employed in tending small pox patients, and I reckon that before next Jan. I shall have seen more persons in that distemper than I could have seen in my lifetime in any part of Europe.' . . . About 10,000 persons in 'this Town who have not had the small pox, and at present writing about 100 decumbents. Please send your letter to the New England Coffee House, to be put into any Boston Ship's bag.'"

RECENT POETRY.

It is many years since there has come such a discovery, such a veritable *trouvaille* for the lover of wild music, as the book which bears the cumbrous title 'The Bard of the Dimbovitza: Rumanian Folk-Songs,' collected from the peasants by Hélène Vacaresco, translated by Carmen Sylva and Alma Strettell (London: Osgood; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons). We have had occasion ere now to praise Miss Strettell's remarkable versions from the Greek Anthology; and here, in dealing with a theme so different, she has shown the same power. These songs belong only to a certain district of Rumania, and were taken down by a young lady from the peasants on her father's estate, where she had to listen for them by cradles and by death-beds; had to learn spinning, that she might join the girls at their spinning-parties, and had to hide in the corn-fields to listen to the reapers. The result is like nothing else, neither the gypsy, nor the Romaic, nor the Arabian songs. It is as if one of those strange tribes of musicians who sometimes drift into Paris or Vienna came sweeping across the stage in strange garments, with flashing eyes and wild voices and chords hitherto unknown. There are "Luteplayer's Songs" and "Spinning Songs"; songs of the sword, of the shroud, of the fire, and of the blood. They deal with nature and time and eternity with a strange directness, like that of Emily Dickinson: the graves give up their dead; nay, the dead soldier lies absorbed in the one yearning hope that they will not yet put him actually in the grave till he has learned how the fight ended. Almost every poem has a delicate prelude, like that of a zither, giving some background from nature; or like the "remark" appended to an etching. The song of the fire, for instance, has this prelude (p. 10):

"I consumed the deep, green forest
With all its songs;
And now the songs of the forest
All sing aloud in me."

They sing aloud, indeed, through the whole book. Yet in what language can one find a vision more wild than this (p. 20)?

THE COMFORTERS.

He who sleeps by the fire doth dream,
Doth dream that his heart is warm,
But when he awakes, his heart
Is afraid for the bitter cold.
Didst thou mark how the swallows flew, how they flew away from hence?

My father is dead, and his cap is mine,
His cap of fur and his leathern belt—
Mine, too, his knives.
When I fall asleep, when I slumb'ring lie,
Then the knives spring forth, from their sheaths they fly,
And roam the fields.
I know not whither the knives have strayed,
But when morning dawns, at my window pane
I hear a tapping—I fling it wide,
And there are my knives come home again.
"Where have ye been?" I ask them then,
And they make reply: "In the hearts of men!
There was one so sick for love, and torn—
We healed its wound;
And another was weary and travel-worn—
We gave it rest.
For dear to us are the hearts of men,
And dear their blood;
We drink it as furrows drink the rain,
Then, tapping, come to thy window-pane:
Make way for thy knives, they have done their work.
Now wipe the blood with thy sleeve away—
Thy sleeve with the dusk-red broidered flowers—
And wash the sleeve in the river clean,
Then thrust us once more our sheaths between,
The sheaths on the leathern belt."

He who sits by the fire doth dream,
Doth dream that his heart is warm,
And when he awakes, his heart
Is afraid for the bitter cold.
Didst thou mark how the swallows flew, so swiftly away from hence?

Or as this (p. 22)?

AT A GRAVE.

Look not upon the sky at eventide,
For that makes sorrowful the heart of man;
Look rather here into my heart, and joyful
Shalt thou then always be.

To yonder grave there ofttimes came a woman,
And said to it: "Hast thou forgiven me?"
"Avaunt!" the grave made answer.
Then weeping she would go her way, but going
She ever plucked a flower from the sward.
Yet still the grave would grant her no forgiveness.
Then said the woman: "Take at least my tears."
"Avaunt!" the grave made answer.
But as she, weeping, turned away and went,
Behold, the grave-stone would uplift itself,
And the dead man gaze forth,
Sending a long look after her, that woman
Who weeping went her way.

Look not upon the sky at eventide,
For that makes sorrowful the heart of man;
Look rather here into my heart, and joyful
Shalt thou then always be.

Side by side with these weird visions there are the most delicate and graceful fancies. It is the Rumanian practice to paint a flower on the wall of every cottage where a maiden lives. Should she fall from virtue, the flower is effaced, and it is thought that no rain will fall and no flower grow beside that cottage again. Many are the songs which allude to this simple and primitive symbol. And to show how direct and tender is the sympathy with nature in these songs, read this, entitled "Hay" (p. 73):

Yesterday's flowers am I,
And I have drunk my last sweet draught of dew.
Young maidens came and sang me to my death;
The moon looks down and sees me in my shroud,
The shroud of my last dew.

Yesterday's flowers, that are yet in me,
Must needs make way for all to-morrow's flowers.
The maidens, too, that sang me to my death
Must even so make way for all the maids
That are to come.
And as my soul, so too their soul will be
Laden with fragrance of the days gone by.
The maidens that to-morrow come this way
Will not remember that I once did bloom,
For they will only see the new-born flowers.
Yet will my perfume-laden soul bring back,
As a sweet memory, to women's hearts
Their days of maidenhood.
And then they will be sorry that they came
To sing me to my death.
And all the butterflies will mourn for me;
I bear away with me
The sunshine's dear remembrance and the low
Soft murmurs of the spring.
My breath is sweet as children's prattle is;
I drank in all the whole earth's fruitfulness,
To make of it the fragrance of my soul
That shall outlive my death.

We have given but a faint impression of the wealth and variety and freshness to be found in this extraordinary volume. It seems to cheapen civilization, and it is certainly "a far cry" to return from it to civilization again. Yet another book from a widely different source—since what is farther from Rumania than Chicago?—gives us a fascinating nomad in its hercine, who might almost have been nurtured on these songs of the wild East. This book is Miss Harriet Monroe's 'Valeria, and Other Poems' (Chicago: Privately printed). Mark, for instance, the rhythmic cadence in this song of the travelling child-minstrel (p. 10):

"[She sings and dances wildly.]

Dance on, children of song, over the hills with me;
Haste down, out of the clouds, down to the sunlit sea.
Wild winds sweep us afar out of the heights they sway.
Ah, come! breath of the south, buried in blue—away!
Come, win kingdoms of light; crown ye with summer's praise.
Sing! dance! tune me your lutes, wreathe them with deathless bays.
Are ye beggars that rove, heirs of the proud world's scorn?
Nay, kings! dowered with wealth richer than gold of morn.

[Reënter the Prince, who listens unnoticed.]

On, on! Ours is the truth: deep in her heart we read,
We give glory to fame, life to the mighty deed.
Gods we—conquering Death, wreathing his brow with flowers,
Give earth all to her slaves—heaven and time are ours!'

The songs contained in a play are often the severest test of a poet, and it is fair to say that none of Valeria's other songs equal this; but the tragedy itself is one of rare conception and grasp, full of surprises, and capable, in the hands of a playwright, of being an effective acting play. The situation at the close of

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the third act is peculiarly unexpected and dramatic; and nothing in the play is weak or imitative. The volume also contains, among its shorter pieces, Miss Monroe's "Cantata," sung at the dedication of the Chicago Auditorium, which certainly gives great hopes for her Columbian dedication ode, since her cantata is undeniably strong, varied, dignified, and in good taste. The whole tone of the volume is so well sustained—in keeping with its beautiful execution by the De Vinne Press—that one is surprised not to have heard more of Miss Harriet Monroe. She has evidently troops of friends, however, for the volume is prefaced, in the old-fashioned way, by a long list of subscribers.

Chicago also sends us, although by way of Philadelphia, a volume of 'Dramatic Sketches,' by Louis J. Block (Lippincott), which is far above the average work of young poets in serious thoughtfulness and steady poetic expression.

Among recent American volumes, that by Mr. R. W. Gilder, 'Two Worlds, and Other Poems' (Century Co.), naturally takes the lead, since his touch has grown uniformly steady, his taste is secure, and he shrinks from too daring flights. Yet his longer poems, as his Phi Beta Kappa Ode, well bear study, while he seems to have elevated into especial prominence the briefest of all, the title-poem of the book:

TWO WORLDS.

I.—THE VENUS OF MILO.

Grace, majesty, and the calm bliss of life;
No conscious war 'twixt human will and duty;
There breathes, for ever free from pain and strife,
The old, untroubled pagan world of beauty.

II.—MICHAEL ANGELO'S SLAVE.

Of life, of death the mystery and woe,
Witness in this mute carven stone the whole;
That suffering smile were never fashioned so
Before the world had wakened to a soul.

This is noble and condensed; and the author was perhaps right in giving it precedence, as we read that Wordsworth printed his 'White Doe of Rylstone' in quarto, to show his appreciation of its value. The unmeditative human heart may, perhaps, think that Mr. Gilder might well have given another whole department of his little volume to his poem on his Newfoundland dog, which surely stands out among dog-poetry as "Rab and His Friends" stands eminent among dog-prose (p. 37):

LEO.

I.

Over the roofs of the houses I hear the barking of Leo—
Leo the shaggy, the lustrous, the giant, the gentle Newfoundland.
Dark are his eyes as the night, and black is his hair as the midnight;
Large and slow is his tread till he sees his master returning,
Then how he leaps in the air, with motion ponderous, frightening!
Now as I pass to my work I hear o'er the roar of the city—
Far over the roofs of the houses, I hear the barking of Leo;
For me he is moaning and crying, for me in measure sonorous
He raises his marvellous voice, for me he is wailing and calling.

II.

None can assuage his grief, though but for a day is the parting,
Though morn after morn 'tis the same, though night after night comes his master,
Still will he grieve when we sever, and wild will be his rejoicing
When at night his master returns and lays but a hand on his forehead.
No lack will there be in the world of faith, of love and devotion,
No lack for me and for mine, while Leo alone is living—
While over the roofs of the houses I hear the barking of Leo.

'The Poet and his Self,' by Arlo Bates (Boston: Roberts Bros.), perhaps offers an awkward title for the leading poem; but the whole book has that strength of motive and maturity of utterance belonging to all this author's work. In some cases, as in "A Burial," Mr. Bates seems to us to have gone too near the boundaries of the repulsive, but his "Flower-Cycle" is charming, and the short detached poems 'From a Sketch-Book' afford each a picture, as this (p. 69):

A MARCH DAY.

A single boat lies on the glass-smooth bay,
As gray the water as spun flax, and gray
The sky as smoke; and gray as moss-grown stone
Crumbling on some old grave, forgot and lone,
The shore and boat and tree,
The stretches of beaches,
The long, sandy reaches,
The wavering dunes and the wide, windy sea.

Another thin volume, with a poem of real grasp and movement between its slender covers, is 'The Heart of the Golden Roan' (Boston: D. Lothrop Co.), by O. C. Auringer, an author residing at Northwood, N. Y., whose 'Scythe and Sword' showed remarkable intimacy with external nature. This poem is wholly different, the gallop of a horse from the mountains to the sea, rendered in an intricate measure most skilfully handled, the whole occurring in a half-ideal world:

THE NIGHT RIDE.

'Twas dark, when like a cloud
On fire, with thunder loud
Of tramping hoofs that ploughed the valley sod beneath us,
We launched into the night,
Whose arms to left and right
Spread to receive our flight, then closed, in gloom to sheathe us.

. . . . . .

So steadily, yet fleet!
The miles from under feet
Reeled backward in retreat, and massed themselves in distance;
The pine-plumes black in air
Streamed past like witches' hair,
The dark boles, lean and bare, seemed writhed in fierce resistance.

As one in dreams of night,
In fancied plumes bedight,
In ecstasy of flight swims the ethereal river,
So I flew on my way,
With spirit waxing gay
As some glad bird in May thrilled with ecstatic quiver,

Till I scarcely heard the beat
Of my stallion's nimble feet,
Or felt the touch of seat, or bridle-rein, or stirrup;
Saw not how onward bore,
Swift, swifter evermore,
My roan—blood to the core! without a cheer or chirrup.

The two volumes of early 'Poems' by John Ruskin (New York: Chas. E. Merrill & Co.) may well excite deep interest in the minds of his faithful admirers, and even among that increasing number who are revolting against his somewhat arbitrary sway. There is a curious fascination in looking through these somewhat commonplace lines—based successively on Scott, Byron, and Shelley—for the germs of that marvellous rhetoric which has charmed a generation. Of this we find no trace until it appears in a note in one of the later poems (ii., 232), which turns out to have been written when he was at work on 'Modern Painters.' Thus early, then, was it manifest that prose, not verse, was to be his vehicle. Too much praise cannot be given to the loving toil of Mr. W. G. Collingwood, who has not merely edited, but compiled the book, and has lavished on it a wealth of detail worthy of some patient German professor commenting a Latin classic.

Another volume deriving its chief interest from the writer's name is the 'Poems' of Mr. W. E. H. Lecky (Appleton); they are truthful and ethical, but not imaginative. The title-page bears on its reverse the new inscription, "Printed in America." Still another book has the yet remoter interest to be found in the name of the author's brother, this book being 'Daphne, and Other Poems,' by Frederick Tennyson (Macmillan). Those who recall the singular grace and beauty of the early sonnets of Charles Tennyson (afterwards Turner) will not be surprised that another of the brotherhood should share the magic gift; and certainly few volumes of sustained blank verse can show so much of the Tennysonian rhythm—the rhythm of "Oenone," for instance—as may be found in these pastorals on these immortal Greek themes. There is no reason, for instance, why Lord Tennyson should not have written with his own hand this passage of exquisitely modulated and varied blan verse from "Ariadne" (p. 73):

"All night the bark held on beneath the moon
And airs that only breathed upon the sea
Lovesighs, and only drew soft answers from it
That trembled back a subtle sympathy,
A soundless ripple, kissing the dark side
O'er which she leant, and heard at intervals
The silvery waters chiming, while the wake
Of the light vessel quiver'd like a flame
In the warm moonlight, vanishing away
Thro' darkest shadows toward her island home,
Whose distant mountain summits seem'd to frown
A silent warning on her silent fears."

Another blank-verse volume, 'The March of Man,' by Alfred Hayes (Macmillan), can claim no such charm of versification, although it expresses liberal and enlightened thought and is dedicated to the memory of Priestley.

Two volumes by women poets, both well known and popular, will be greeted with pleasure by their admirers. These are 'Lyrics and Legends,' by Nora Perry (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.), and 'The High-top Sweeting, and Other Poems,' by Elizabeth Akers (Scribners). As between these, we prefer Mrs. Akers's as being more spontaneous and simple, though sometimes commonplace; whereas Miss Perry, who is less often commonplace, carries with her a constant suggestion of artificiality. More pleasing than either is a volume by the late Caroline A. Mason, 'The Lost Ring, and Other Poems' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), since this lady is well known by her hymns and well represents the religious and domestic muse.

A book of real promise, by a new poet, Richard Hovey, is 'Lancelot and Guenevere: A Poem in Dramas' (United States Book Co.). The meaning of this phrase, "a poem in dramas," is not quite clear, but there is a preliminary drama, more ambitious than the main one, and to our thinking far less successful, since it tries the experiment, always dangerous, of weaving together various mythologies—Pan and Merlin, the Valkyrs and the Angels—without making the ultimate meaning sufficiently clear. But the triter subject of the Arthurian legend is handled with a power which really gives indication of good work to come; and the final situation, where the trustful Arthur heaps love and confidence upon the guilty pair, while they stand cowering beneath the shame of his misplaced generosity, is a noble dramatic conception.

RECENT LAW BOOKS.

A NOTABLE number of new editions has recently been published. The fourth edition of Story's 'Commentaries on the Constitution,' by Judge Cooley, appeared in 1873, and the fifth has now been brought out, after an interval of nearly twenty years, by Dr. Melville M. Bigelow (Little, Brown & Co.). The book now for the first time contains a table of cases. How many of the fifteen hundred or so cited have been added by the present editor, we have no means of knowing; nor is it a very important matter, as the reputation of the work rests on other grounds. Judge Cooley's notes have generally been retained. The first volume seems but slightly changed.

In the "Students' Series" the two best books, perhaps, are Cooley's 'General Principles of Constitutional Law' and Bigelow on Torts (Little, Brown & Co.), and we are glad to see new editions of both. Mr. A. C. Angell has added to the former several hundred new citations, which illustrate the development of the law in the last ten years. The latter is a revision rather than a new edition, and a new

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chapter on malicious interference with contract is added. The introduction shows that the author still adheres to his definition of a tort as a "breach of duty fixed by municipal law for which a suit for damages can be maintained." This is substantially the same as the definition given in the third edition, and was there stated to be based on the idea that the duty involved in the notion of contract is one fixed by the *parties*. But can any legal duty be said to be fixed by the parties? The parties make the promise, or enter into the undertaking; the law itself raises the duty. The duty is to keep the promise, or to perform the undertaking, and this surely is imposed by law. We can easily conceive of a system of law in which contracts were not enforceable in courts of justice. There would still be an undertaking, but there would be no legal redress for breach of it. Dr. Bigelow's definition appears to us to cover contracts as well as torts, and hence to be misleading.

Judge Drake, in the preface of the seventh edition of his excellent work on Attachment (Little, Brown & Co.), mentions the interesting fact that, in giving it to the public, he becomes, at the age of eighty, the first American legal author who in his own lifetime has edited seven editions of any treatise of his own on any branch of civil jurisprudence. The cases cited have increased from 1,185 to 5,100, 700 being added in the present edition.

Such collections of cases as those of Messrs. H. W. Chaplin and Marshall D. Ewell ('Cases on Criminal Law,' 'Cases on Domestic Relation,' Little, Brown & Co.) are of little use to the practitioner, but are of great interest in another way. The use of cases as the chief means in legal study, set on foot at Harvard, is spreading so fast that in most of the law schools it threatens to produce a revolution such as has lately occurred in Columbia. There the conservatives have been defeated, and the force of a movement which has driven them to set up a law school of their own can hardly be overestimated.

Sir Frederick Pollock's name is a guarantee that his new series of 'Revised Reports' (Little, Brown & Co.) will be well edited. We must say, however, that, for the practitioner, full annotations referring him to the judgments in which the case cited has been criticised and discussed, seem to us a necessity of such a revision.

Mr. Russell H. Curtis's handbook, 'Important Federal Statutes Annotated' (Chicago: Callaghan & Co.), will be found of immediate value. It deals with the construction of the new Court of Appeals Act, the jurisdiction and practice of the Federal courts generally, and one or two other subjects. The plan pursued is that of giving the annotations under the sections to which they relate.

When the statutory revision of the laws relating to this city, prepared by three Commissioners, was in 1882 enacted by the Legislature, it was, Mr. Mark Ash says, in his volume on 'The New York City Consolidation Act, as in force in 1891' (Albany: Weed, Parsons & Co.), "supposed" that all laws passed afterwards relating to the city would be in the form of amendments to the Consolidation Act. Those who suppose that the Legislature at Albany will do what it ought to do, however, generally reckon without their host. Nothing pleases it better than to pass important laws covertly; and there is no surer way of accomplishing this result than by enacting an amendment without any reference to the act amended. So it has happened in the case of the Consolidation Act. The Legislature has in the last nine years passed "a vast number of laws which, although relating to New York city solely, do not in terms amend any of the sections of the Consolidation Act." Hence the necessity of a new edition of the Consolidation Act, and in the future, no doubt, of many more new editions, until, as in the case of the Code, a new consolidation is required. The edition is annotated with notes of all the judicial decisions. It also contains the Montgomerie and other early English charters, and a valuable Table of Laws, showing the sources from which the various provisions of the Consolidation Act have been taken. So far as we have had an opportunity of examining it, the work seems carefully and thoroughly done.

Mr. Henry Campbell Black's aim in preparing his 'Dictionary of Law' (St. Paul, Minn.: West Publishing Co.) has been, in his own words, to prepare a "concise yet comprehensive book of definitions," and not an "epitome or compilation of the body of the law." Vernacular words and phrases are admitted "so far as construed by the courts." English law, Feudal law, Roman law, and foreign law are all drawn upon. The result is a bulky volume of more than twelve hundred pages, containing a very full collection of terms. It seems likely to be a useful book. It might probably be reduced somewhat in size by leaving out a large number of words which appear to have been inserted merely because the definition of them has been involved in the decision of a case. But when they are words which judges and lawyers use exactly as the laity use them, it seems superfluous to include them in a law dictionary. "Dead-head" is slang, or colloquial English, not a term of the law; its congener, "dead-beat," is properly enough excluded. "Fabricate," "fabricated evidence," "fabricated fact," mean to a lawyer exactly what they mean to a layman. We may say the same of "fair" (in the sense of just), "false news," "falsehood" (in the ordinary sense of a statement known to be untrue and intended to deceive), "fakir," "faro," "farrier," "farthing," "father," "father-in-law," "fathom," "female." We take these instances from the first few pages of a single letter. If such words are admitted, *any* word the meaning of which might be involved in a decision ought to be given; but this would necessitate the admission of the whole English vocabulary.

The difficulty with most law dictionaries is that their authors have generally endeavored to make them combine the functions of lexicons with encyclopædias. In the hope of making them useful to the practitioner, they are filled with essays on various topics of the law, which cannot possibly in a small compass be made to take the place of a text-book. Bouvier is full of such essays, but then Bouvier's name carried weight such as no succeeding lexicographer has possessed. Mr. Black has wisely endeavored to confine himself to definitions. He has included a long list of legal maxims. We note one or two definitions which do not seem entirely satisfactory. *Assault* is defined by Mr. Black as an "unlawful *attempt or offer* on the part of one man, with force or violence, to inflict a bodily hurt upon another. An *attempt or offer* to beat another without touching him, as if one lifts up his cane or his fist in a threatening manner at another, or strikes at him, but misses him." This definition certainly suggests that the *intent to do* physical harm is an essential part of an assault. Yet in criminal law (and most of the learning on the subject of assault comes from criminal cases) the opposite is held. In the case of the Commonwealth vs. White (110 Mass, 407) it appeared that the defendant was driving a wagon along a highway which H. and S. were repairing, that a dispute arose, in the course of which the defendant took up a gun and, aiming it at S. and H., said: "I have got something here that will pick the eyes of you." The gun was not loaded, but the Court said: "It is not the secret intent of the assaulting party, nor the undisclosed fact of his ability or inability to commit a battery, that is material; but what his conduct and the attending circumstances denote at the time *to the party assaulted*." In other words, acts denoting the threat of an attack constitute in law an assault, though no physical attack be in fact intended. Sweet's dictionary makes this distinction clear. *Family meeting* is spoken of as "an institution of the laws of Louisiana," no hint being given of its origin. The opposition between *Penalty* and *Liquidated damages* is not made clear. The definition of *Res adjudicata* is rather vague; it does indeed mean "a matter adjudged," but *all* matters adjudged are not by any means *res adjudicatæ*. *Republic* is defined as "a commonwealth; a state in which the exercise of the sovereign power is lodged in representatives elected by the people." Webster is given for authority, but the definition merely describes one kind of republic. It should of course include republics without representative institutions. Perfect accuracy of definition is in law, as elsewhere, almost an impossibility, but as we have come upon these in hastily turning over the leaves, it is safe to say that the work will bear a careful revision.

RECENT FICTION.

With My Friends. By Brander Matthews. Longmans, Green & Co.

Three Tales. By W. D. O'Connor. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Elsket. By Thomas Nelson Page. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Auld Licht Idylls. By J. M. Barrie. Cassell Publishing Co.

According to St. John. By Amélie Rives. John W. Lovell Co.

Phillida. By Maud Howe. John W. Lovell Co.

Edleen Vaughan; or, Paths of Peril. By Carmen Sylva. Cassell Publishing Co.

Blanche, Lady Falaise. By J. Henry Shorthouse. Macmillan & Co.

The Story of the Glittering Plain. By William Morris. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Darkness and Dawn; or, Scenes in the Days of Nero. By F. W. Farrar. Longmans, Green & Co.

THERE used to be a superstition that the power of literary creation was a special gift of God, never allied with the critical faculty and quite incomprehensible to the man thus favored. He was supposed to have an irresistible impulse to write and then to "go it blind"; a child might know more surely than he whether his work was a success or failure. This pleasant superstition is rapidly disappearing. The modern littérateur loves to tell how he does his work and to strip his craft of mystery. He is entirely unselfish, and if any one else can't write, it is because he is a stupid fellow, not for want of instruction from one who can. No man more than Mr. Brander Matthews has labored to dispel illusions about imaginative writing and writers. All who take an interest in the matter know how he writes plays

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and stories, and, by reading the prefatory essay of his last volume, 'With My Friends,' may learn much about the "Art and Mystery of Collaboration."

The stories following the essay are written in partnership, Mr. Matthews being in every case one of the firm. They illustrate some of the tendencies of collaboration pointed out in the preface, especially that towards very accurate construction and deeper consideration of manner than of matter. If the form was not in each instance so admirable, the insignificance of the fact or fancy would be evident. The style is the story, and, excepting the two written with Mr. Bunner, this clear, concise style is more closely associated with Mr. Matthews than with any of his partners. "The Documents in the Case" and "The Conversations of Dear Jones and Baby Van Rensselaer" are already well known; Dr. Johnson would have annihilated them in a brief, polysyllabic paragraph, yet it is not hard to imagine Shakspere chuckling over them, and seized with a mighty longing to return to earth and try his hand at the American variant of the English tongue. Two heads are for construction better than one, and a third might have suggested to the authors of "Edged Tools" that, since M. Blitzini was controlled by the "huffy spooks" only when behind the footlights, the two knowing spectators should, after the conjurer's disappearance, have slid the table down to the auditorium. His reappearance would have made a more satisfactory and no less surprising dénouement. The fantastic idea of "Three Wishes" is too feeble for fifty pages of elaboration. Mr. Anstey's fun is much more primitive than Mr. Matthews's, and we have enough faith in the ability of both to believe that either could alone have written a better story about Heywood and his Djinn.

To appreciate the debt which both writers and readers owe to Mr. Matthews for his clear expositions of the technic of his craft, it is only necessary to glance at the late W. D. O'Connor's 'Three Tales,' written when stories were made up with little thought given to form, by people who had not the Oriental's instinctive skill in narrative. There are two Christmas stories which show the influence of those qualities of Dickens which but slightly detract from greatness, yet are very tiresome in mediocrity. We can very well do without the writer who deluges us with sentimentality, and who has a mania for working up melodramatic contrasts between the rich and poor, the virtuous and vicious. Mr. O'Connor may have been the superlatively fine character described in Walt Whitman's preface, and he certainly was an estimable man, but that is no justification for dragging his tales forth from well-won oblivion.

Since time was, it has been granted that wicked English lords have an irresistible propensity to pursue pure and lovely maidens over paths where full-grown dragons sit spitting endless fire. To do that is to fulfil their destiny, or else discredit for ever a host of respectable writers of fiction. For a Viking's daughter to dwell by a good trout stream, in the midst of what Kipling calls heaven-climbing glaciers, is to court destruction. True as the needle to the pole, the wicked lord, who is always a phenomenal pedestrian, will point his boots over the glaciers; then the fate of the Viking's daughter is inevitable, sure to be written. It is written in 'Elsket,' by Mr. Page, perhaps more discreetly than by others, with less of lurid color and loud lamentation, but that is no excuse for an obviously superfluous performance. It is well that he relieves himself from the suspicion that he has "run to seed" by the excellent tale for which that suggestive phrase makes a title. Here he is in the realm of reality, where his imagination adds force and spirit to the things he has seen and known. Of all his tributes to the great sorrow of the South, none is more profoundly touching.

'Auld Licht Idylls' is full of grave and penetrating humor. The Auld Lichts seceded from the Established Church of Scotland nearly two centuries ago. The smallness of their numbers, ever diminishing, in a way supports their pet doctrine of original sin; to be an Auld Licht one needs to be also an original saint of impregnable austerity. They are a special creation, and though Mr. Barrie cites several instances of cravens coerced into "joining" by unremitting conjugal nagging, a moderate surveillance would surely discover that they were not dyed in the wool. Much of our modern humor is farcical, depending for effect on its gross extravagance, arbitrary and often local. The humor in this series of sketches, incorrectly called idylls, can be felt wherever English is spoken and read. Nobody could miss it, except perhaps an Auld Licht; and as to be preternaturally solemn is one of his abiding characteristics, he would probably read the book through without a smile. Should he suspect irony, he would lay it to a wee bit o' spite, for the author confesses in the first chapter that he is the precentor of the Free Kirk. Mr. Barrie does not deliberately make fun of the Auld Lichts, but treats them with perfect respect and courtesy, dwelling sympathetically on qualities which ought to command esteem. To live in uncompromising righteousness according to John Knox appears to "us others" a futile embittering of daily bread; yet, if we cannot admire all the repression of human desire and the renunciation of pleasure which it implies, we are as far past praying for as any Auld Licht minister could wish.

'According to St. John' is a foolish novel; if it were less so, we might be shocked by the use which is made of certain words recorded by that disciple whom Jesus loved—"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." The author's notions about morals have never appeared to be conspicuously sound, but since in this story she makes a distinct effort to be virtuous, almost chaste, we observe with regret her confusion about morals, in the widest meaning, in the perception of right and wrong. For instance, when her young person from Virginia, Jean, confesses to the dying Mrs. Farrance that she loves Mr. Farrance, and with agony reproaches herself for wrong done to her friend, Mrs. Farrance bids her not despair, but fetch her a despatch-box, which, being opened, reveals the picture of one whom Mrs. Farrance has ever loved; therefore is Jean exculpated with honor. In due and convenient season Mrs. Farrance dies, and the stricken husband obligingly marries Jean. To convince her of his love causes him some slight embarrassment. He owns up to still loving the late Mrs. Farrance, and, with the air of an infallible casuist, explains that this sentiment does not preclude love for Jean, for, "though my reason tells me that she has gone from me for ever, she is as real a presence to me as the spring about me." To which Jean responds that, though it is strange, she understands, thus making us mourn that she chose to play the fiddle instead of composing treatises on pure reason.

For the distortion of Scripture which impels Jean to make her quietus with a hypodermic needle, the author apologizes, saying that her confused and excited brain gave the words "a personal meaning which they never had." It is gratifying to be assured that Christ was not talking directly at the morbid young lady who so carefully arrays herself for death in a blue cashmere and bronze slippers; but who can picture the confusion of the brain that makes such an utterance the inspiration for such a deed! The nastiness of one person, Mme. Cici, would do credit to any of the French naturalists, and perhaps not one has attained to that perfection in description of brutal depravity, relevant to nothing, purely for its own sake, which is reached in the restaurant scene participated in by the youthful Jean, the disgusting Cici, her faithless husband, and a fair unknown.

'Phillida' Langdon is a child of the setting sun, but so subdued by travel and other kinds of education that no one could ever find her out. Amidst the flower of British aristocracy, she moves a queen. She loves Sir John Lawton and is beloved by him, a gentleman of long descent, exceptional personal beauty, and an unfortunate aptitude for loving "you, only you, for ever." Sir John's inexact method of expressing his emotions proves his undoing, for, when Phillida, overlooking the accident of an existing wife, is ready to cast in her lot with his, the wind blows her a letter written by another of his eternal loves. Thus disillusion comes to her, but not the force for renunciation, which is left for Sir John. At the critical moment, he is seized with remorse for an unaccomplished wrong and sails away. We feel that it was rude in him to leave a lady in the lurch, and rejoice that she plucks up spirit to love again more wisely. The American author has done 'Phillida' quite as well as an English lady-novelist could. Scrupulous attention is paid to all the small usages of high society, without that emphasis which, to use our own phrase, often gives the American away. The incidents are neatly run together; descriptions form gentle interludes, and the people, who have no sort of serious occupation, are good-natured as they well may be, and no more brilliant than is consistent with good form. When the author takes a plunge beneath the surface of things, her prophetic gloom might well cause the British aristocracy to shake in its shoes. She says that the class is doomed, and, when picturing its extravagance, offers us a metaphor about the brightness of the candle's last flicker and the brilliancy of an expiring flame.

Perhaps it is because familiarity breeds contempt that a Queen seeks literary models among commoners. In 'Edleen Vaughan' there is no person of title or of any pretension to ancestry excepting a benevolent bard, Llewellyn. The novel has a theme, maternal passion. However sensational or extravagant the incidents may be—and many are superlatively so—they are of value for illustrating the overwhelming, misplaced love of Edleen Vaughan for her ruthless son. The eternal sacrifice of women for their children is so common a spectacle that this woman's follies and sins, committed for her son's sake, are not improbable nor inconsistent with a gentle, loyal, and truth-loving nature. Fortunately, few women have so bad a son as Tom. His career is a "carnival of crime." He lies, steals, seduces, forges, and murders. Wherever there is anything unlawful going on, he is sure to be in it. He is a good-looking young man of agreeable manners, yet, if burdened with only half as many crimes, would be thoroughly detestable. The sense of what is conclusive for good or bad in character (a sense that seems dead in many good women

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when they become novelists) shines clear and strong through the tangle of the plot; and in all the people, including the witch and the bard, human traits not visible to a superficial observer are revealed. It is a pity that the novel had not been cast in simpler lines, and that the author's literary training and taste are not so sound as is her sense or so true as her feeling. It would be difficult to write worse English than the prose; the songs and ballads attributed to Llewellyn have pretty sentiment and some spirit, and the expression is appropriately simple.

'Blanche, Lady Falaise,' is the sort of character Mr. Shorthouse delights to draw—that for which his pure, rather elegant style is peculiarly suited. Seeing life through the medium of an idealistic, spiritual nature, the sorrow which inevitably comes to her is keen, lasting, and pitiful, out of proportion to its cause, viz., disappointment in the character of a man who never was what she imagined him to be. Faced year after year with the facts of Damerle's existence, few women could have maintained an illusion about him—none, indeed, except a Lady Falaise exactly formed to fit the situation. The position of Lord Falaise, constantly reminded of his wife's infatuation for the man who had jilted her, has ludicrous features, but they disappear in contemplation of his patience, loyalty, and generosity. He is in every aspect noble, and if, as one of his friends remarks, he did believe that George, 27th Viscount Falaise, represented the supreme result of creative effort, he was not so very far wrong. The representation of the vigorous, popular, unprincipled preacher Damerle shows how flexible a really fine style may be, how equal to any emergency. The impression made by this short novel is the very best possible to a work of fiction: we feel that should we live for ever, we cannot pass an hour in better company.

The date of the action of Mr. Morris's 'Story of the Glittering Plain' is prehistoric, the method more casual, and the expression more archaic, than Malory's. If one were shut up with the book for several weeks in jail or quarantine, to follow the adventures of Hallblithe of the House of the Raven in quest of his beloved of the House of the Rose might provide a melancholy distraction. In such isolation and idleness one might invent an interpretation of the allegory, if allegory there be, or, at least, arrange a *précis* of events, and with its aid compose a tale no less rational than that of "The Land where the Jumblies Live." In default of any other *raison d'être*, we imagine that this artistic combination of imitation vellum, parchment, and antique lettering may be intended to take a place with other bric à brac on a drawing-room table.

Canon Farrar's 'Darkness and Dawn' is such a big book that the average reader may disapprove of it on sight; the average reviewer attacks it with a feeling of positive enmity against the author. The first chapter does not modify prejudice. The succinct description of the palace of the Cæsars, its splendor and its deathless shame, suggests a well-written text book; the reflections of Agrippina Augusta, revealing, as they do, a marvellous instinct for crime, confuses the mind accustomed to regard fraud, torture, and murder as slight obstacles to the achievement of desire. With the entrance of Nero the action begins, and apathy gives way to interest, which holds and increases even to the end of the sixty-sixth chapter, page 556. The author warms to his work, sweeping the enemy along, never letting go his hold until he has converted him into a stanch friend and most respectful admirer. Scholarship, dispassionate judgment, and a clear understanding of how much human character is affected by century and circumstance, are some of the rare yet requisite qualities which make an acceptable historical novelist. Canon Farrar displays all these with a skill in selection which lends freshness to the picture of an era very well known to many schoolboys, and not forgotten by those older folk who, at fifty, are vain of a knowledge which was ignorance at fifteen. Nero is, of course, the central figure, and, though he has not found his apologist, his shade cannot reasonably complain of injustice. Had the last of the Julian line been permitted to sing, fiddle, and write poor verses in obscurity, he would doubtless have been known to a limited circle as "a bad lot," but he would have escaped an infamous immortality. In the avowed object of the work (to illustrate the causes which led to the triumph of Christianity) there is a suggestion that some new light may be thrown on a subject which has been discussed through many centuries; but all that we see is the new faith rising on the ruins of the old, and there is no cause so obvious as that the faith which gave hope and comfort to the poor, the oppressed, and the sorrow-laden was bound to hold fast and to make its way by the ultimately irresistible force of the need of the majority.

JAPAN, CHINA, AND TIBET.

Jin-riki-sha Days in Japan. By Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore. New York: Harper & Bros.

New China and Old. By Ven. Arthur E. Moule. London: Seeley & Co.

The Land of the Lamas. By William Woodville Rockhill. New York: The Century Co.

In the library of modern books on Japan, now numbering hundreds, even in English alone, the works of women writers are not least. In two instances, those of Miss Isabella Bird and Miss Alice Mabel Bacon, they may be ranked among the best. In her views of Japan, taken mostly while riding in a man-power carriage, Miss Scidmore does not pretend to look very far below the surface. Hence her book will probably not live much longer than the time taken to write it. It is a bright, lively, and entertaining picture of Japan in its transition state from a feudal and hermit nation to a modern State full of people, who have voluntarily taken upon themselves the problems of adapting western civilization to essentially Asiatic conditions. How the face of the country and populace are being graven by the wrinkles of experience is Miss Scidmore's congenial task to tell, and her story is told in pleasing style. Her range of travel and observation was limited almost entirely to central Japan. Tokio, with the circle usually described in the guidebooks; Fuji, Kamakura, Yokohama, and Nikko; Kioto, with its ring of neighboring cities; and the Tokaido, with its rosary of charming places famous for curios, are described in detail, the farewell view being from Nagasaki. Confined thus to the beaten tracks in Japan, the book is in form an indexed and illustrated octavo of nearly four hundred pages. The chief element of freshness in it is the author's sympathetic knowledge of the folk-lore and history of the land and people, derived from the writings of those authors who have illuminated by genuine research the life beneath surface and appearances. To these the author expresses gracefully her obligations.

As solidly handsome in outward form, as well as in interior contents, as Miss Scidmore's book is both externally and internally pretty, is Mr. Moule's 'New China and Old.' It is the result of thirty years' personal observations as an agent of the English Church Missionary Society. In form it is a well-made London book of over three hundred pages, beautifully illustrated and well indexed. With the white light of close and prolonged observation, and after many rose-colored impressions have been corrected by time and experience, the venerable ex-missionary writes with singular clearness and sanity, yet with kindly sympathy. His first chapter is a philosophical analysis of the causes of the amazing power of cohesion in the Chinese Empire. He then treats of life in an inland city, in an open port, in the country, and in the house of a Mandarin. He discusses ably and luminously not only Buddhism and Taoism, especially as they affect Chinese life, but also ancestral worship, superstitions, language and literature, and Christian missions. The clear thought and power, born of long familiarity, make these chapters very attractive reading to one who thinks of the Chinese as serious beings and not as curiosities. The author, after surveying the past history and present resources of missionary effort, acknowledges that as yet Christianity is hardly perceptible in China, when compared with idolatry and unbelief. Nevertheless, his experience has wrought hope, and hope that makes him not ashamed to ask younger men to follow in his faith and labors. For a grave, judicial, unenthusiastic but thoroughly trustworthy estimate of China, we know of nothing so worthy of recommendation as this book.

In reading Mr. Rockhill's book on 'The Land of the Lamas,' we not only turn our thoughts to the high places of the earth, but reach the highest range of good bookmaking. In external array the volume advertises attractively the resources and power of the Century Company. The 400 pages of thick paper and neatest print are well furnished with fresh illustrations, most of them from photographs. The text and appendices, with a rich aftermath of learned and suggestive notes, form the garnered fruit of long research, exploration, and literary toil. Two maps show the countries traversed and the author's routes. The sub-title is 'Notes of a Journey through China, Mongolia, and Tibet,' but only a small portion of the work is devoted to the well-trodden ground of China proper. In the bulk of the book, we have described, with the always interesting element of personal adventure, the less known portion of the Chinese Empire.

The personality of the author lends piquancy to the flavor of the book. He illustrated by his scholarly acquirements the best traditions of the American Legation in China—too little in the gross, it must be confessed, but brilliant with a few names that may be mentioned along with S. Wells Williams. Mr. Rockhill also accompanied our naval expedition to Corea in 1871 as Chinese Secretary to Minister Low, and fortunately escaped scatheless from the jingall-balls. We have looked in vain, however, for any detailed comparison between things Tibetan and Corean, notwithstanding that Dallet and other French authors insist that Corea borrowed Buddhism quite directly from Tibet. It is certain also that the "Reformed" Buddhists in Japan locate much spiritual treasure in the central Asian plateau. While, however, Mr. Rockhill in this respect

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illustrates the modesty of a scholar—since his sojourn in Corea was only thirty-five days, and this on the deck of the frigate *Colorado*—he is rather cruel to the Theosophists. He tells us how he informed the lamas of the great interest felt in their country, tenets, and personnel by the modern esoteric Buddhists—presumably of Boston, London, and other places distant enough to lend enchantment. The lamas of Serkok were immensely amused, declared that none of the miracle-performing saints and sages of primitive ages were now living or had lived since ancient times. These Tibetans, who should have been genuine Mahatmas, looked upon the modern school of esoterists as "rankly heretical, and as something approaching an imposition on our credulity" (p. 102). We fear that Mr. Rockhill's book will be placed on the Index Expurgatorius of the Reformed Japanese, as well as of the European and American Buddhists.

Mr. Rockhill's journey was made in 1888 and 1889, after years of preparation in the study of Chinese and Tibetan, but his route included, in reality, only a comparatively small portion of the eastern plateau. Nevertheless, his book is not the hasty product of a tourist, but a rich contribution to the literature of science and exploration. Seven hundred miles of the journey was on ground never before trodden by a white man, as far as known. Except the journey of Huc and Gabet to Lassa in 1845, this journey of Mr. Rockhill is probably the most difficult and dangerous executed in Asia in the course of this century. Unlike the gay and garrulous Abbé Huc, who wrote with Gallic fancy and embroidery of facts, the American author has penned his narrative in the interest of accuracy and not of sensationalism. When Huc wrote in several instances that "We were met at the gates by the authorities, who granted us freely the hospitalities of the city," the average reader would not suspect that the Abbé suffered imprisonment.

Though Mr. Rockhill does not allow to all Tibet a population of over three and a half millions, yet he demonstrates that the natural wealth of the plateau is great. It is more than probable that he will be followed soon by the pioneers of commerce and believers in a stalwart policy for the opening of trade routes. Tibet is perhaps the last country still shut off from the influences of modern civilization, but, like China, Japan, and Corea, its invisible but lofty walls must fall. In spite of the author's modest plea in the preface that his purpose was to furnish facts rather than to "turn out a well-finished bit of literary work," his pages have a genuine charm. The Tibetans, despite the lama despotism and superstition, are wonderfully human. The supplementary notes discuss many points of interest in ethnology, comparative religion, and primitive culture.

Essays on English Literature. By Edmond Scherer. Translated by Geo. Saintsbury. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1891.

EDMOND SCHERER is the most brilliant foreign writer who has lately criticised our literature, and since Matthew Arnold, by his review of one of these essays, made their author widely known among ourselves, he has been highly regarded. Mr. Saintsbury's translation, therefore, will be very welcome to many who would like to know what M. Scherer had to say upon other authors than Milton. In this volume we have, besides the paper on Milton, essays upon Wordsworth, Sterne, Mill, Carlyle, Shakspere, Beaconsfield, Taine, and George Eliot. M. Scherer obtained his introduction to so wide and thorough an acquaintance with our language by the fortune of a partly English education. His understanding of it seems to be complete, and his range, at least in modern books, is large. He was besides well furnished as a critic, and brought to his subject a thoughtful mind, familiar with modern ideas and trained in modern methods. If any one not of our blood were capable of appreciating our literature, certainly he stood in a position to do so; but we think that what most strikes the mind is less his power of appreciation than the distinctness with which he makes out defects.

It is to be expected, of course, that when national works are brought before the world's tribunal, they will be measured by the standard common to all nations, and it is plain that the greatest works, those of broadest and most direct human sympathy, will gain thereby. On the other hand, those works which are characteristically national, those which are most intimately bound up with the special temperament and historic genius of the people, will suffer. The sympathy, the *rapport*, which exists between an author of genius and his countrymen is just the element which compensates for his defects as determined by the world's standard; and therefore the critic who lacks the temperament of the race by which alone the deepest insight is possible, is disabled from an appreciation of the value and meaning of national books to their own people. It seems to us that this is the reason why M. Scherer, in writing of Milton or Wordsworth or Sterne, varies essentially from any critic of the native strain. His keen analysis of 'Paradise Lost' is unexceptionable from the point of view of a nation which never felt the passion of Puritanism; his exposition of Wordsworth is not to be found fault with on the side of intelligence; but in both instances there is just that lack of temperament which prevents his appreciating that compensation which we just spoke of, made by these poets to their own people by virtue of the intimacy of their thought with the nation's. Their worth is heightened thereby above what it would be adjudged by a universal standard. With Sterne the case is somewhat different. Scherer overestimates him because sentimentalism was more developed in France than in England, and because those defects in Sterne, both of taste and character, which are most felt by an English reader, are less obnoxious to the Gallic mind. Upon George Eliot he lavishes his praise; but, as Mr. Saintsbury remarks, there were peculiarities in his own experience, as one who had abandoned his faith, which made her thoughts and her characterizations more near to him. Shakspere is a universal genius, and yet Englishmen have never been satisfied with foreign criticism of their author, except upon the side of learning; and M. Scherer himself in his two admirable essays writes best when he confines his remarks to the mistakes of others. Again, in the essay upon Taine, he is dealing rather with the method than with the special matter of English literature to which it was applied. He makes a protest against that critical theory which would explain all things by race and environment, and which neglects personality as a main, if not the chief, factor in creation. In those portions of the volume in which he himself traces the descent of English poetry in this century, admirable as is his criticism of individuals, he does not, to our mind, bring forward anything which is not perfectly obvious.

In pointing out these limitations, which so excellent a critic illustrates the more forcibly by virtue of his position, we have reference only to the general character of the work. Its usefulness lies very largely in the clearness with which it discriminates what is always and everywhere good in literature from what may be rejected by other nations, but nevertheless, though the author does not say so, may be highly valuable to the nation which produced it. No one can read such lucid expositions of the structure and methods of a great author's works without clarifying his rational judgment. M. Scherer, also, is particularly rich in thoughts by the way, in sidelights, and in axioms and judgments which belong to pure literature, and are as applicable in one land as in another. The temperate use which he makes of the historical method is in itself a lesson of restraint. Though he is not, in our judgment, a great critic in the sense in which Sainte-Beuve was, and has not the subtlety and fine grain of truth that distinguished Lowell, he stands, nevertheless, *longo intervallo*, beyond other foreign critics, and is one of few among them whose decisions or impressions respecting our literature deserve to be weighed.

The Princess Tarakanova. By G. P. Danilevski. Translated from the Russian by Ida de Mouchanoff. Macmillan & Co.

LACKING a great historical novelist, Russians have been content, for many years, to award to Danilevski all the praise which is his due in this field of work, and possibly rather more than his due, if we compare his achievements with any recognized standard. Danilevski's method is well illustrated in this volume which a Russian woman has translated in an admirable manner. "The Princess Tarakanova" is not, properly speaking, a sustained narrative, but a series of pictures, wherein the personages are effectively grouped. It resembles a sensational drama "in two acts and eight tableaux." That the author arranged his tableaux cleverly is undeniable; and so thoroughly aware of his strong point was he that, not infrequently, he introduced what he considered fetching situations, without much regard to whether they were called for by what preceded them, or whether they exercised any influence upon what followed. A fine example of this procedure is offered by chapter xix. of the present volume, entitled "The Historiographer Miller." This trick, combined with a general abruptness, has had much to do with the inferior rank which Danilevski has always been consigned to, in any question of purely literary value. However, the gulf which separates him from the really great and universal geniuses of the Russian school is so patent to any well-informed reader that it need not be enlarged upon, further than to convey a hint of the place which the author has held at home, and so forestall possible misconceptions of motive in alluding to it, and animadversions of persons who do not admire the Russian school in general, and who would assuredly find a ground of attack upon it were he represented as being first-class in his native land.

The Princess Tarakanova, so Danilevski assumes, was really the daughter of the Empress Elizabeth and her morganatic husband, Count Alexis Razumovsky, which is the view best adapted to pathetic treatment. How the Princess has come to be brought up abroad is not disclosed, but, at the time the story opens, she is planning a visit to Russia, with the intention of taking the throne from Catharine II. Count Alexis Orloff entices her on board the Russian fleet at Leghorn, and she is carried a prisoner to Russia, where she dies

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shortly after of consumption, in the fortress at St. Petersburg. The translator, in a very interesting preface, gives the opinion of the best historians on this case, which is that the Princess was a pretender, being a native of Prague or Nuremberg, who was known under different names in all the capitals of Europe for ten years before she undertook her expedition to Russia, and who was distinguished for her great beauty (and probably by a likeness to the Empress Elizabeth), as well as for her riotous conduct. Russia was spared the calamity of a successful invasion by this person, whoever she may have been, but the frontispiece, taken from a famous picture in Moscow, depicts the death attributed to her by popular legend, though not by recorded facts—from an inundation of the Neva. This frontispiece is the most noteworthy of the four well-executed illustrations with which the book is adorned, that labelled "Count Alexis Orloff" being in reality the portrait of his brother, Count Grigory, and the portrait of Catharine II. being one of the most unsatisfactory likenesses of her which it was possible to select out of the mass of beautiful and characteristic specimens in existence. It might stand for any one else as well.

Brief as is the episode on which the book is founded, slight as is the story, and conspicuous as are Danilevski's peculiarities, it furnishes very interesting and agreeable reading. Easy to peruse, as the famous historical novels are, it is easy to forget, as they are not.

Bishop Wilberforce. By G. W. Daniel. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1891.

For some inexplicable reason, the American publishers of the series "English Leaders of Religion," of which this volume is the third, make no sign on the individual volumes that they have any serial standing. But some such sign is necessary to justify this sketch of Bishop Wilberforce in addition to the full biography of him and Dean Burgon's sketch already within reach. Mr. Daniel's work is avowedly a composite photograph of his predecessors' books, and it has the hazy adumbration which the composite photograph has in most cases. In his anxiety to gloze over everything disagreeable, the writer has gone far to make an exceedingly dramatic subject dull and spiritless. Thus, for example, there is not a word about the secession of the Bishop's brothers Robert and Henry from the English to the Roman Church, though the event must have been a crucifixion for a man of Samuel Wilberforce's principles and prejudices. The part played by reaction in religious experience gets a capital illustration from that secession and Samuel's High-Churchism, seeing that their father, the great anti-slavery reformer, was, with Zachary Macaulay, one of "the Clapham Sect" of evangelical religionists. Happily, Samuel inherited something from his father's humanitarian zeal. The "Ten Hours' Factory Act" found in him a successful advocate on his first entrance to the House of Lords, and it was a glowing anti-slavery speech in 1840 that first made him known to Prince Albert and secured for him the royal favor until he sacrificed it in the Hampden controversy, six years later. In general, all things progressive were distasteful to him, so that one of the surprises is to find him a member of the "Sterling Club," "so called," says Mr. Daniel, and this is more surprising, "because its members were expected to be free from the unrealities that cling around those who are fettered by prejudice and conventionality." It was so called because John Sterling was the leading spirit.

When Wilberforce became Bishop of Oxford in 1845, Newman had just gone over to Rome, and the Hampden controversy, in which Newman had been a principal actor in 1836, was soon to enter on its second stage. The position was a trying one, and the success of the Bishop was not remarkable. He was a High Churchman, in both ecclesiastical theory and form, quite independently of the Tractarian movement, without being one of the High and Dry from whom Newman hoped as little as from the Evangelicals, especially as they were Erastians almost to a man. Wilberforce drew off from Newman more and more as the Tractarians developed their Romanizing tendencies, until Newman wrote him that his matter was not acceptable to their organ, the *British Critic*. But the average Churchman could not be expected to discriminate, and what with the suspicions of Low Churchmen and Broad Churchmen on the one hand, and of the Tractarians on the other, he often found himself between the devil and the deep sea. His theology and criticism and science were all of the most conservative and reactionary character. His theories were a matter of subjective speculation with which the facts must somehow be made to agree; if they would not, so much the worse for the facts. It could hardly be expected that the Bishop's eulogist would give us an account of his most notable discomfiture in 1860, when, at a meeting of the British Association, he made an eloquent assault on Darwin's 'Origin of Species,' and, asking Huxley whether he was related to an ape on his grandfather's or grandmother's side, received an answer not less memorable than Dean Stanley's to those who sneered at Bishop Colenso in Convocation. "If there were an ancestor," said Huxley, "whom I should feel shame in recalling, it would be a *man*—a man of restless and versatile intellect, who, not content with an equivocal success in his own sphere of activity, plunged into scientific questions with which he has no real acquaintance, only to obscure them with an aimless rhetoric, and distract the attention of his hearers from the real point at issue by eloquent digressions and skilled appeals to religious prejudice."

If Mr. Daniel was bound, as a loyal eulogist, to say nothing of this merited rebuke, he need not have been so careful in general to obscure the individuality of his hero. What he has partly shown us is that Wilberforce was the "Remodeller of the Episcopate,' a man who meant business, and not merely careless ease, nor even "the quiet and still air of delightful studies." He was an overseer of his clergy, and cracked his whip over them in a persuasive fashion. The book has no intellectual and little moral interest. It moves entirely on ecclesiastical lines. We find ourselves sighing for a little of that "want of tact and judgment" which made the Bishop's biography by Canon Ashley and R. G. Wilberforce an entertaining book. His witticisms that are reported go but a little way to justify his reputation as a fellow of infinite jest. The best is the best-known—his answer to the lady who boldly asked him why he was called "Soapy Sam." "Because, madam," he answered, "I am always getting into hot water and always come out of it with clean hands."

An Introduction to Spherical and Practical Astronomy. By Dascom Greene, Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy in the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute. Boston: Ginn & Co. 1891. Pp. viii, 150.

In this small and convenient volume is contained nearly everything of astronomy that an engineer will need. Unfortunately, the few omissions, such as precession, aberration, parallax, and refraction (the last not quite excluded), with the few excessive abridgments, are of radical importance. By adding two more sheets to the book, so as to include sufficiently these subjects, and amending it in some other respects, it may in a future edition be rendered a work of exceptional merit. Professor Greene, in his preface, by way of excuse for the omissions, says: "It [the book] claims to be no more than an introduction to the subject, and aims to present its first principles in an elementary and practical form for the use of beginners." But, in the first place, a student has no time to go through such a subject as astronomy twice; and it is not practical teaching to omit any practical topic in such a branch, to be taken up at a later period. In the second place, the class of students resorting to Troy, though they be beginners, must not be put off with any inferior presentation of a science. Indeed, logic and completeness are of even more importance in elementary than in advanced treatises. A book such as this might easily have been, which should touch upon every necessary matter with logical severity, giving all that is needed and excluding all that is superfluous, would serve as an intellectual tonic for the young man, and operate in some degree as a corrective to the dissipating and demulcent influences of other modern text-books. Besides, in any subject, but above all in mathematics, it is a great advantage to keep the treatise which has been deeply conned, but which has been partly forgotten in after years, at one's elbow as a book of reference, and for that reason elementary works should be as nearly tabular in form as the nature of their subjects will permit, uniting the utmost brevity with completeness in certain systematic limits.

Prof. Greene's descriptions of instruments and the ways of using them are pretty good, but not full enough for practical needs. Thus, it is said that the adjustment of the principal focus of a transit instrument "may be verified by moving the eye so as to detect any parallax existing between the star and the wire." This does not sufficiently emphasize to the beginner the indispensableness of this operation; nor are the precautions to be observed in performing it pointed out. Nor is anything said about ascertaining the fixity of the parts of the telescope, the collimation of the objective, etc. Nor is the reduction of time observations set forth and illustrated in a practically adequate manner.

The mathematical deductions throughout the book are given with commendable clearness and brevity; but the treatment of the foundations of the method of least squares is decidedly antiquated. The principle of the arithmetical mean is assumed as self-evident. Such reasoning will not go down in our day, and to teach boys to be satisfied with it is a grievous wrong. It may, no doubt, be said that a book intended for boys who seek instruction solely as a means of livelihood should not notice mere speculative doubts, and should sedulously avoid opening temptations to purely intellectual engross ments, the joys of which their situation in life must forbid; and there is some truth in this. But there can be no advantage to anybody, in our swiftly progressive age, in being unable to distinguish bad reasoning from good. Good logic is the most fundamental thing which any kind of student can possibly be set to acquire.

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The Development of Theology in Germany since Kant and its Progress in Great Britain since 1825. By Otto Pfleiderer, D.D., Professor of Theology in the University of Berlin. Translated, under the Author's supervision, by J. Frederick Smith. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.; New York: Macmillan & Co.

THIS huge octavo is the second volume of a "Library of Philosophy"; the first was Erdmann's 'History of Philosophy.' It is not, the general editor informs us, a translation in the ordinary sense, there being no German book to match; the translation is from Dr. Pfleiderer's MS., and has been revised by him. It is difficult to understand why the book was made and how Dr. Pfleiderer was persuaded to make it, for it is nearly all contained in vols. i. and ii. of his 'Philosophy of Religion,' of which there is an English translation. That begins with Spinoza, while this begins with Kant, and in general it is fuller than this, especially on the philosophical side. Where it is less full is in regard to the later developments of theology in Great Britain. To these, 100 pages are given in the present volume, and are its least valuable part. The theologian or clergyman must indeed be ignorant who does not know as much of recent British theology as is here set down. Doubtless Dr. Pfleiderer's judgment on its different men and books is interesting, but the information would have been much better addressed to German readers. Tulloch's 'Movements of Religious Thought' is given as one source of the author's information. It is a source much fuller than his stream. To find all our fault before proceeding to our praise, the length and breadth of the book are so great in proportion to its thickness that its contents might easily have been put into a duodecimo of 500 pages in good type, and its mechanism could not have been worse contrived for the reader's convenience. The index is a bare list of names; the table of contents is extremely general, and the running titles of the pages are no more analytical than these.

When every deduction has been made, the book is full of interesting matter. If Dr. Pfleiderer himself does not write in an easy, pleasant, streaming style, his translator has made it that for us. In Bock i. we have six chapters on "The Basis of Modern Theology in German Idealistic Philosophy"; one each given to Kant, Herder, Schleiermacher, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel. The exposition is admirable; the manner is not polemical, but sympathetic, taking every subject at his best. "I dislike above all things," says Dr. Pfleiderer, "that method of writing history which presents nothing but the writer's subjective judgment of people, without so much as allowing them to say what their own opinions and views are." To this ideal he is true from first to last. He finds Kant lacking in the courage of his convictions in the Critiques of both the Pure Reason and the Practical, and most germinal and fruitful in his 'Critique of Judgment,' the speculative conception of which—a teleology based on external and internal experience—"runs like a golden thread through the whole of post-Kantian philosophy."

A second book treats "The Development of Dogmatic Theology under the Influence of Idealistic Philosophy," and a third, "Biblical and Historical Theology." The most noticeable points in the latter are the cordial acceptance of the results of Graf and Kuenen and Reuss which assign the priestly portions of the Pentateuch to the fifth century B. C.; the damaging estimate of Ewald, which discredits Dean Stanley's 'Jewish Church,' so largely based on Ewald; and the generous and hearty recognition of Strauss, especially in his new 'Leben Jesu' of 1864, which is too lightly passed over by the majority of English readers. In the concluding book, on British criticism and theology, nothing is more refreshing than the estimate of Westcott's 'Introduction to the Gospels' as belonging "to that class of apologies which, by their learning and air of superiority towards the main arguments of the critics, and occasional minor concessions on secondary points, are accustomed to make a great impression and really perform the service of retarding the progressive theological spirit of an age." If anything could better show than this the freedom of German as compared with British orthodoxy, it is the comparative estimate of the anonymous 'Supernatural Religion,' and Lightfoot's answer, which is set down as no answer at all to the significant part of his opponent's work. In conclusion there are words of lofty praise for Martineau and for Dr. Edwin Hatch's 'Organization of the Early Christian Churches,' the work of one too early lost to Protestant theology.

Principles of Political Economy. By Charles Gide, Professor of Political Economy in the University of Montpellier, France. Translated by Edward Percy Jacobsen. With an introduction and notes by James Bonar. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 1891.

IT is the fashion to describe writers that hold, or are supposed to hold, certain views in political economy as the "Orthodox School," and it cannot be denied that in France the title is not altogether inappropriate. The distinguished economists of that country have generally shown a disposition similar to that of the champions of religious orthodoxy, practically assuming that they are in possession of the truth, and regarding the propounders of new views as schismatics or heretics. While it may be true that the fundamental theories upon which their system is framed have been conclusively established by experience, there is ground for complaining that they have followed the "high *priori*" method rather too exclusively. The deductive method, as defined by Mill, is indisputably that appropriate to such a science as political economy, but they have employed a method that is more suitable to geometry than to sciences having to do with living beings. Hence there has arisen among them a certain haughty and exclusive spirit, as becomes the possessors of a somewhat esoteric doctrine, and they seem of late years to have been almost without influence upon the governmental policy of their country.

Against this state of affairs Prof. Gide's book is a protest, although a very mild and good-tempered one. Upon examination it does not appear that he has any new theories to propound, or, indeed, that his results differ materially from those reached by most economists of ability. His position, as Mr. Bonar says, is substantially that of the "classical school," if we substitute evolution and social union ("solidarity") for finality and individualism. But his work is marked by a generous breadth of view, taking in not only what ought to be, but what is, giving, as the author says, their due share of justice even to notions that do not command our assent, upon the principle of Shakspere's maxim:

> "There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
> Would men observingly distil it out."

As a result we have a review of nearly the whole field of economics, comprehensive, appreciative, and generally perspicacious. We cannot say that the author has in every case understood the strength or discerned the weakness of the positions that he criticises, but he has at all events kept himself free from bias, and the matter of his book is in refreshing contrast to the arid generalities that have usually constituted the bulk of most French text-books of political economy. The more recent discussions that have engaged the attention of professors of the science are intelligently stated, or their results summarized, and it is evident that the author's reading has been extensive. Moreover, his style is vivacious and agreeable, occasionally even eloquent, having, in fact, those elements that make the scientific treatises of the French so easy to read. It is not surprising that the book should have reached a third edition in France, or that it should, in Mr. Bonar's words, help many a young Frenchman to turn his attention to economic studies.

Nevertheless, we are not convinced that the economic literature of our own language is substantially enriched by this translation. There is nothing in the book that is not to be found in treatises with which we are already provided, and Prof. Gide is very far from having mastered his subject. He denounces as altogether a sophism the notion that cost of production and value stand to one another in the relation of cause and effect, yet he presently declares that the market value of a product that can be multiplied at will is the minimum cost of production. Indeed, his language upon this critical subject of value is generally confused. A like ambiguity may be observed in his use of the word "wealth." The argument that capital is not the result of saving is a mere quibble. Absurdly unqualified statements are common, such as that without legislative intervention not only the forests of Europe would have disappeared, but the art of working in wood also. Still more preposterous is the assertion that "mowing-machines, threshing-machines, reaping-machines, do not increase the crop of corn by one grain," to which it is added that mechanical discoveries virtually do not affect in the least the chief expenses of the workman, viz., food and housing.

We fancy that in such statements as these we detect the influence of the physiocrats, and, in spite of his critical attitude towards the classical school, Prof. Gide is not altogether free from its weaknesses. He does not hesitate, occasionally, to dismiss an argument with an arbitrary declaration of his judgment, and is prone to intermingle speculation with reasoning. Sometimes these speculations are almost puerile in their character; and, lest our readers should think our criticism too harsh, we will give a specimen of them in concluding. It occurs at the close of a grave discussion of money, under the title "The Decadence of the Precious Metals":

> "But now the attributes which raised them to their exalted station seem to be dropping off, one by one, like the jewels from off a diadem. Supplanted as instruments of exchange by the improvements effected in commerce and in credit, despised as articles of luxury by the fashion of our day, it may be that, after having been so long the very type of wealth, gold and silver are destined to be one day erased from the catalogue of riches!"

Den Struensee'ske Proces. Af N. Lassen. Særtryk af *Tidsskrift for Retsvidenskab.* Copenhagen. 1891. 8vo, pp. 219–303.

PROBABLY no single episode in the political history of Denmark has been so fully and so variously discussed as the brief ministry of Struensee and his relations to the unfortunate Queen Caroline Mathilde. Writers of almost every nationality have attempted to prove,

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now the Queen's innocence, now her guilt, and Struensee's conduct has been subjected to the same severe scrutiny. During the first years after the catastrophe of 1772, few in Denmark doubted the guilt of both parties. Later a reaction set in, especially as regards the English Princess, the clearest indications of which are to be found in the pathetic poem of Ploug and the romantic tales of Ewald and Carl Bernhard. Caroline was represented as a persecuted saint, succumbing finally to the intrigues of her enemies, led by the Queen Dowager, Juliane Marie. In one of the latest works on this subject, Blangstrup's 'Christian VII. og Caroline Mathilde,' already noticed in these columns, the cause of Caroline's unfaithfulness, if unfaithful she was, is graphically shown in the detailed account of the King, the most despicable figure in the whole Danish line. While this and all earlier works are concerned either with the historical or the romantic features of the story, Mr. Lassen's treatise takes up Struensee's case from the purely legal standpoint, with the object of giving "an answer to the question of how far the sentence and punishment inflicted upon Struensee were just."

It may be well, before discussing the work, to recall briefly the events which led up to the trial. Johan Frederik Struensee was a German physician, son of the Bishop of Altona, whom Christian VII. had met on his travels in 1768 and appointed his medical attendant. The clever young German, for he was only thirty at this time, soon acquired a great influence over the weak monarch, whose early dissipations had entirely unfitted him for the conduct of state affairs. In September, 1770, the elder Bernstorff, who, as Minister of Foreign Affairs, had effected many important reforms, was removed from office, and in December of the same year the Privy Council, after having been deprived of all influence, was finally abolished, the power being concentrated in the Royal Cabinet, over which Struensee had full control. On July 14, 1771, the famous Cabinet order was issued by virtue of which the favorite obtained practically absolute power. During the succeeding months, one extreme reform followed another, many of which were of such a character as to gain their author numerous enemies both at court and among the people. His supposed relations to the Queen hastened his fall, and on the morning of January 17, 1772, after a court ball, the Queen and Struensee, together with the latter's confederate, Enevold Brandt, were seized by order of the Queen Dowager and Prince Frederick and thrown into prison. The Queen was confined in Kronborg until after her divorce, when she was taken to Celle in Hanover, where she died several years later. Struensee and Brandt were tried by a commission composed of some of the most prominent jurists of the time, and, being found guilty of having inflicted injury upon the King, were, in accordance with the law regulating such cases, condemned to lose their right arms and their heads, and their bodies to be quartered. The execution took place on April 28 in the presence of a large multitude.

After a brief introduction, in which he defines the scope of his work, Mr. Lassen proceeds to take up in turn each of the five points into which the accusation resolves itself, the first of these being Struensee's relations to the Queen. Unfortunately, the original papers referring to this portion of the trial have never been thrown open to the public. During the lifetime of the late Queen Dowager, who was a granddaughter of Caroline Mathilde, this was of course out of the question, and since her death the authorities have preserved the same secrecy. As, however, the chief items are known on excellent authority, the loss is not as great as it might seem. Mr. Lassen expresses no doubt whatever of Struensee's guilt in this matter. He gives satisfactory evidence of the improbability that his confession was obtained by force, and asserts in addition that the circumstantial evidence against him was sufficiently strong to condemn him in any court. Of Caroline's supposed death-bed assertion of her innocence Mr. Lassen makes no mention. On the question of the justice of the sentence under this head our author agrees with the ruling of the court, giving reasons which the limits of this article will not permit us to repeat, but which are certainly sound. No less certainly, in their endeavor to ruin Struensee by the introduction of this charge, the King's immediate relatives lowered the reputation of King and country in a most shameless manner. Ordinary tact and delicacy would have suggested a total ignoring in public of this whole question.

The second and no less vital point is the accusation that Struensee had usurped and abused the State power in effecting changes, notably the abolishment of the foot-guard, without the consent of the King. But, as Lassen pointedly remarks, "this decision is defensible only on the supposition that the King, by reason of his insanity, was incapable of forming sensible resolutions." Of this, however, there is no mention in the Court proceedings. On the contrary, the King is, after the fashion of the time, referred to in the most flattering terms. No absolute proof even is given that Struensee acted without the formal consent of the King. The arguments of the commission with regard to Christian's power to make changes that conflict with the letter of the law, are shown by Lassen to be wholly illogical, since, under the law of 1660, the King was raised above all such considerations. In view of this, it is hard to understand Lassen's statement that "if any one should draw the conclusion that Struensee was unjustly sentenced, I believe that this conclusion would be very premature." For we must regulate our judgment by the attitude of the Court towards the King, and not by the real mental state of the latter. Having been declared so excellent a ruler by this body, the King's capacity to form a correct judgment is thereby formally admitted, and the charge against the Minister falls to the ground. If the dissolution of the Privy Council and the issuing of the Cabinet order of July 14 were illegal, then the responsibility rested solely upon the ruler, Struensee acting merely as his agent. In trying to justify the decision of the Court, Lassen seems at the same time to convict it of the basest falsehood and flattery. The extracts from Struensee's and Brandt's testimony are exceedingly interesting as throwing light upon the mental condition of Christian during Struensee's government, but, regarded as a justification of the action of the Court, they seem to have "nothing to do with the case."

The other three points are properly treated at less length and need not detain us. In concluding, the author meets the charge of the extreme barbarity of the punishment, so often made by the defenders of Struensee, by declaring very justly that this was due to the spirit of the times and not to any unfair discrimination. In an age when the wheel and the iron virgin were no unusual instruments of torture, this execution cannot be regarded as barbarous, especially as, by the testimony of the attending clergyman, the severing of the arm and head were almost instantaneous. However we may differ from Lassen in matters of detail, his treatise must be regarded as one of the most valuable contributions to the history of a remarkable statesman.

La Monnaie et le Bimétallisme International. Par Émile de Laveleye. Paris. 1891.

THE author's Introduction has this paragraph:

"Ce que l'on commence à voir clairement—et c'est là un grand progrès—c'est que la monnaie métallique, étant de sa nature un instrument d'échange universel, doit être réglée par traités. Ce sont les États-Unis surtout qui ont reconnu cette verité, et c'est pour ce motif qu'ils ont pris, deux fois déjà, l'initiative des conférences monétaires."

We had supposed that this initiative had been prompted by quite different motives; we are sorry to learn that it was occasioned by mistaking a falsehood for a truth. Where are governments or nations that are trading with one another? The New York merchant and his Russian correspondent would have made mutually profitable arrangements long ago if they had not been forced to travel the "high *priori*" road of philosophic officialism. Acts of sovereigns, legislators, judges, or administrators in enforcing the use of any substance as a circulating medium are harmful or useless according as they do not or do establish those relations which traders would have brought about among themselves if they had been let alone. It is doubtless true that a great many of the world's inhabitants are suffering from the fact that silver is abundant, or that it is clumsy, or that it is too variable in value for the new commerce. The demonetization of cattle must have worked similar hardship ages since; but there is no direct evidence that the big warriors, to save themselves from loss, forced their good chief to load up his tribe with cattle on a falling market.

The disuse of silver by the commercial world, or the tardy acknowledgment of such disuse on the part of certain Governments, is the cause, in M. de Laveleye's opinion, of so many bad things that we are not surprised to find that it engendered the McKinley Bill. M. de Laveleye, of course, predicted something like this as long ago as 1881, in a letter to the Cobden Club. It is well for his reputation as a prophet that he was not a protectionist (except in the matter of silver); he might have written a letter to the Home Market Club and predicted an era of free trade.

If every creditor should insist to-morrow on receiving the gold nominated in his bond, every one would be so distressed that no one would go on doing so. This is our security against its being done. Most creditors, nowadays, accept, even when gold itself is specified, gold's value, whether it be lands, houses, or goods, or the promises of honest men that own these things. "But gold is increasing in value, and, in consequence, prices are going down." This appears to M. de Laveleye something quite terrible: "C'est le commerçant obligé de vendre moins cher qu'il n'a acheté." Really, even the peanut-boy will not regret having to take a dime instead of the expected quarter for his wares, when he finds that the price of gallery tickets has dropped overnight from a quarter to a dime.

Perhaps, when things get too bad, we may enact that the dollar shall contain less gold. Such things have been done to relieve a prince's necessity, to the great distress of his subjects. The subjects may not be able to see any harm in trying the experiment for their own advantage. Why would it not be as simple a way of paying off old debts as to enact

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that when a gold dollar is mentioned, it shall mean a certain weight of some other metal? Perhaps the debtors will get a law passed that every creditor shall accept less than 100 per cent. This has also been tried, and is quite as easy as giving every one the alternative of paying in either gold or silver in some fetish ratio of 1:15½. Let those who are haunted with the dread that gold will become dearer, petition the Government to demonetize it, to make "mere merchandise" of it, to trample upon it. We can conceive no other punishment that will bring the monometallists to their senses and to remorse.

An Introduction to the Study of Mammals, Living and Extinct. By William Henry Flower and Richard Lydekker. London: Adam & Charles Black; New York: Macmillan & Co. 1891. 8vo, pp. 763.

A VERY fair knowledge of the mammalia may be secured from this book without toiling through the numerous special monographs on the group. It is by much the best introduction to the study of the subject within reach. One of the authors is of the highest rank among authorities on the recent forms; the other occupies a similar position with regard to the extinct. Under their hands, as might be expected, the errors so common in the works ordinarily called manuals do not appear; their mastery of the subject prevented mistakes in the choice of material when they found it necessary to draw from others. The first 146 pages are devoted to the introductory chapters, comprising discussion of the tegumentary, dental, skeletal, digestive, and sensory systems, and the distribution, geographical and geological. The quality of this portion, as in fact of the following pages of diagnoses and descriptions, is such as leaves the impression on the reader that its greatest lack is a greater quantity than was possible within the limits of the volume. The interpolation of the fossil forms, with a large number of excellent illustrations affording the means of direct comparisons with portions of the skeletons of the recent, has been very well managed; in consequence, the student gets a broad and comprehensive view of the subject that could not be acquired from works relating only to living types. No space is wasted on theory; the student is allowed to grow his own genealogical tree.

In the accounts of habits and modes of capture there is much to interest the general reader; and the pictures make considerable additions. Occasionally a drawing exposes a feature, probably due to an imaginative artist, not wholly in accord with what is known of the creature represented: for instance, the skunks frisking about like squirrels up in a tree. It might have been better, for American readers, to give the common names as used in this country as well as in England. Our elk is the animal locally called the wapiti; the European elk is our moose; our rabbits belong with the European hares, and so on. The usages are so fixed there is no hope of change, and the best we can do is to recognize the differences. We find Solenodon restricted to Cuba and Hayti, though also found in Central America. Specialists will not agree in regard to the principal groups in the classification adopted, and there are differences of opinion as to the rank assigned certain genera and species; but, on the whole, works on natural history are rare indeed in which the grounds for criticism are so few as in the volume before us.

Twelve Months in Peru. By E. B. Clark. Illustrated. Macmillan & Co. 1891.

THE author of this little work of 158 pages has enjoyed opportunities for the contribution of fresh knowledge concerning South America which seldom fall to the lot of women, and we regret to be compelled to say that her opportunities have been poorly improved. We have heard much about railroads and other enterprises in Peru, we have had the Cholos and the Indians well characterized, we know Lima by heart, and have seen the charming Limeña, wrapped in her *manta*, hurrying to mass in the soft light of the early morning; but we have never looked in upon the home life, have never understood the inner heart, of the women of Peru. That subtle analysis of national peculiarities which the finer feeling of a woman can make so well, has hitherto been wanting in every book dealing with South America. After gleaning the experience of 'Twelve Months in Peru,' we have seen no new vision, have caught no note which had not been distinctly audible before. The author must have penetrated secrets which remain for ever hidden to travellers of the other sex, yet she gives not the slightest initiation into them. She journeyed on mule-back far into the heart of the Andes, but we are left to imagine how she was equipped, how arduous or how easy she found it.

Some of her sketches of life in the mountains are racy and interesting, but lacking in detail, and the transitions are so abrupt as to mar each picture which she was about to create. The description of the Verrugas bridge, and the excitement of crossing the chasm while the bridge was in process of reconstruction, swung in a sort of cage from a cable, is one of the best things in the book. There are some bits of history and matter of a statistical order which are of easy access, and might better have been omitted. The author errs in connecting Guayaquil by rail with Piura, and in alleging a similar connection to exist between Truxillo and Payta. She may have heard of the suggestion of the Peruvian Corporation to connect the Payta-Piura line with the Pacasmayo-Magdalena line, and perhaps a continuation southward to the road which now connects Truxillo with Salaverry, and have confused this proposition with the existing state of affairs. We are also somewhat puzzled to understand why she should persist in perpetuating the popular misconception of the hills on the Isthmus of Panama, by calling them "rugged mountain ranges." The view of Lima is good. Aside from this, the pictures are not meritorious.

Robert Carter: His Life and Work, 1807–1889. Anson D. F. Randolph & Co. 1891.

IF any hostile criticism of this book were provoked by the general character of its contents, it would be disarmed by the modesty of the prefatory note, which assures us that it was written for Mr. Carter's friends, and that "it is not expected that those who did not know and love him will care to read it." His friends, however, were no narrow circle, for he made many in his business, and many more through his connection with the Scotch Presbyterian Church in this city, the Bible Society, and Princeton College, of each of which he was a trustee, and still others on wide and frequent journeys in America and abroad. As a publisher he was a man of the strictest probity, taking solid comfort in the publication of such religious books as Henry's 'Commentary' and D'Aubigny's 'History of the Reformation,' and delighting in the sale of Spurgeon's books as much because of the good he thought they would do as for the money they brought in. We have had so many disappointments among professing Christians, in politics and elsewhere, that his coreligionists may well be proud of such a man as this. Stanchest of Presbyterians, he was no narrow sectary, and could go and hear Cardinal Manning preach in Rome without misgiving. Some of the pleasantest pages are those which report his acts of kindness to fugitive slaves. When he left Scotland for America in 1831, a good woman advised him to take a wife with him, saying, "Ye'll get naething there but a Yankee, and they're a' black." The account of his boyhood and his youth has the charm that always attends humble fortune and the struggle against odds. The mother had much homely wit with her simplicity. Of certain newly rich people, who were hurt by their prosperity, she said: "Ah! when soles get to be upper leathers, they're awfu' stiff"; and, when her son wrote her that his being a foreigner might stand in his way, she said, "Hech, sirs! they have a guid face to ca' my son a foreigner." It was Mr. Carter's opinion that private fortune is a public trust, and having in his earlier career set apart one-tenth of his income for the good of others, he afterwards made it his rule to give away yearly an amount equal to his family expenses; and he would have been no true Scotchman if he had not found that by such an arrangement his family expenses were sensibly reduced.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adams, Oscar F. The Story of Jane Austen's Life Chicago. A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.25.
Ainger, Alfred. Tennyson for the Young. Macmillan & Co. 35 cents.
Airy, Osmund. Text-Book of English History from the Earliest Times. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.
Appletons' Handbook of Winter Resorts. Revised for 1891-92. D. Appleton & Co. 50 cents.
Ballou, Clara E. Our Child: A Tale of Passion. W. D. Rowland. 25 cents.
Ballou, W. H. An Automatic Wife. W. D. Rowland. 50c.
Bell, E. Handbook of Athletic Sports. Vol. V., Athletics—Cycling—Skating. Vol. VI., Practical Horsemanship and Riding for Ladies. London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan. $1.
Betts, C. L. The Perfume-Holder: A Persian Love Poem. New York: Saalfield & Fitch.
Binger, Capt. Du Niger au Golfe de Guinée. 1887-1889. 2 vols. Paris: Hachette & Cie.
Bissell, Prof. E. C. A Practical Introductory Hebrew Grammar. Hartford, Conn.: Hartford Theological Seminary. $1.75.
Blackall, Emily L. Won and Not One. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 75 cents.
Bradshaw, J. The Poetical Works of Thomas Gray. London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan.
Butcher, Prof. S. H. Some Aspects of the Greek Genius. Macmillan & Co. $2.25.
Carpenter, Prof. W. B. The Microscope and Its Revelations. 7th Ed. Philadelphia: P. Blakiston & Co.
Church, Rev. A. J. Stories from the Bible. Second Series. Macmillan & Co. $1.25.
Collingwood, W. G. The Art Teaching of John Ruskin. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.
Conway, Prof. W. M. Dawn of Art in the Ancient World. Macmillan & Co. $1.25.
Curtis, G. W. From the Easy Chair. Harper & Bros.
De Leon, T. C. Sybilla: A Romaunt of the Town. Mobile, Ala.: The Gossip Printing Co. $2.
Dobson, Austin. William Hogarth. Dodd, Mead & Co. $7.50.
Du Maurier, G. Peter Ibbetson. Harper & Bros.
Duras, Duchesse de. Prison Journals during the French Revolution. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.
Dyer, J. M., and Whitcombe, R. H. Elementary Trigonometry. London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan & Co. $1.10.
Fawcett, Edgar. Songs of Doubt and Dream. Funk & Wagnalls Co. $2.
Fenn, G. M. Syd Belton: The Boy who would not Go to Sea. D. Appleton & Co.
Findlay, George. The Working and Management of an English Railway. 4th ed. London: Whittaker & Co.; New York: Macmillan. $1.50.
Forbes, Archibald. Barracks, Bivouacs and Battles. Macmillan & Co. $1.50.
Fulton, Rev. J. The Beautiful Land: Palestine, Historical, Geographical and Pictorial. Thomas Whittaker. $3.75.
Furney, E. E. Culture: A Modern Method. New York: I. H. Brown & Co.
Gardiner, S. R. A School Atlas of English History. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.
Gaskell, Mrs. Cranford. Macmillan & Co. $2.
Gilmore, Prof. J. H. The Outlines of Rhetoric for Schools and Colleges. Leach, Shewell & Sanborn. 60 cents.
Grandgent, C. H. Italian Composition. [Heath's Modern Language Series.] Boston: D. C. Heath. 65c.
Grant, F. W. Spiritual Law in the Natural World. New York: Lolzeaux Bros. $1.
Green, Anna K. The Old Stone House, and Other Stories. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 40 cents.
Harper, W. R., and Burgess, I. R. An Inductive Latin Primer. American Book Co.

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Irving, W. The Voyage, and Other English Essays from the Sketch Book. [The Riverside Literature Series.] Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 15 cents.
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Jenks, Edward. The Government of Victoria (Australia). Macmillan & Co. $4.
Kirkland, Miss E. S. A Short History of England for Young People. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.25.
Kirkpatrick, Prof. A. F. The Divine Library of the Old Testament. Macmillan & Co. $1.
Kitchin, D. B. Le Château d'If. [Episodes from Modern French Authors.] Longmans, Green & Co. 40 cents.
Knight, W. Wordsworth's White Doe of Rylstone. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan. 60 cents.
Lafayette, Mme. de. The Princess of Clèves. 2 vols. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3.75.
Lane-Poole, Stanley. Stories from the Arabian Nights. 3 vols. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.
Lavisse, Prof. E. General View of the History of Europe. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.25.
Leisure Hour, 1891. London: Religious Tract Society; New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. $2.50.
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Macdonald, George. The Flight of the Shadow. D. Appleton & Co. 50 cents.
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Mannering, G. E. With Axe and Rope in the New Zealand Alps. Longmans, Green & Co. $3.50.
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Massee, G. The Plant World. London: Whittaker & Co.: New York: Macmillan. $1.
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Speight, T. W. Back to Life. John A. Taylor & Co. 30 cents.
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Stephen, J. K. Quo Musa Tendis? Cambridge, Eng.: Macmillan & Bowes.
St. Nicholas. Vol. XVIII. Nov., 1890—Oct., 1891. The Century Co.
Szamatólski, Siegfried. Das Faustbuch des Christlich Meynenden. Stuttgart: G. J. Göschen.
Tales from *Town Topics*. No. 2. New York: *Town Topics* Publishing Co. 50 cents.
Talleyrand, Prince de. Memoirs. Vol. 4. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.
Taylor, Rev. W. M. Ruth the Gleaner, and Esther the Queen. Harper & Bros. $1 50.
The American Annual of Photography and *Photographic Times* Almanac. New York: The Scovill & Adams Co. 50 cents.
The Blue Pavilions. By "Q." Cassell Publishing Co. $1.25.
The Century. Vol. XLII. May—October, 1891. The Century Co.
The Century Dictionary. Vol. VI., Stru—Z. The Century Co.
The Earthly Footprints of our Risen Lord. Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.50.
The Story of Colette. D. Appleton & Co.
Tissot, Victor. Unknown Switzerland. A. D. F. Randolph & Co. $4.50.
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Torrey, Bates. Practical Typewriting. Fowler & Wells.
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Views of New York. New York: A. Wittemann. $1.
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